

PD Gazette - December 2022



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The Artistic Life of Russia

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
Through Bolshevik Russia, by Ethel (Mrs. Philip) Snowden

Almost everybody in Russia is hungry and cold, and many surface critics in Russia blame the Government for conditions for which they cannot be held in any great degree responsible. It is perfectly true that in the beginning, Committee management of an industry sometimes brought that industry to a full stop. Kameneff is reported by Arthur Ransome to have explained the non-working of certain excellent soap factories on the double ground of lack of material and "because some crazy fool imagined that to take an inventory you must bring everything to a standstill." "Establish a Commission," he had previously said, "and soap instantly disappears. But put in one man to see that soap is forthcoming, and somehow or other we get it." The greater part of the blame for the hunger and privation must be placed upon those who made the wars which have afflicted Russia so long.

Nobody can criticise the Government on one point, and that their protection and encouragement of Art. The most grudging in his praise must perforce admit that the Bolsheviki have shown their wisdom in

leaving undamaged up to the present the artistic side of Russian life; whilst the just will give them credit for fostering Art by taking special care of the artists and by bringing it within the reach of the poorest classes in the community, hitherto totally shut out from the best and finest which Art can give.

The concert halls and theatres of Petrograd and Moscow are crowded every night. The British Delegation were taken several times to the most wonderful performances of plays and operas it has been the lot of most of them to see. I have myself seen operatic performances in several European capitals, London and New York. It is true that the orchestra in Vienna is finer. "Die Götterdämmerung" as performed in Berlin excites the greatest admiration. Chaliapine himself has thrilled immense audiences in Covent Garden. The singing and orchestration in the two great Russian cities were very fine indeed, perhaps not so fine as special performances in the other European capitals in happier circumstances. But in the mere technique of production I have seen nothing to equal the Russian performances. Not a detail had been neglected, not a dress, nor a colour, nor a pose unstudied. The lighting effects were astonishing. Here, a moon gave a moon's light, and a daybreak came as gently and softly as in Nature, and not with the suddenness of breaking china.

In Petrograd we saw two performances, one Gluck's "Orpheus" and the other Bizet's "Carmen." In addition we had an hour at the ballet on our way to the railway train and Moscow. The ballet is known in London for the exquisite thing it is. A special interest for us in Petrograd was the inclusion in the caste of gifted proletarian children, whose dancing did nothing to lower the standard in these things to which Russia has accustomed the rest of Europe for so long. It was a very lovely rendering of the dream of a hopeless lover of his princess-bride, who dies of grief and shock when the vision fades and he is left with nothing but her veil of gauze.

Of "Carmen" I have seen a better performance from the point of view of chorus singing and orchestral accompaniment. There was a disturbing failure to keep together of chorus and orchestra which marred an otherwise wonderful presentation of this well-known and favourite opera. But again, the way in which it was staged was marvellous beyond all words. And similarly with "Orpheus." This wonderful work, rendered with exquisite art, developed in one a mood of exaltation, and left one with the feeling that here in the world of mystery and imagination, of passionate and pure aspiration are the things which matter most, and that the sordid battles of political theorists for intellectual

victories and argumentative triumphs are of very secondary importance.

One or two of the Delegates went to the green room between the scenes to discover how far the new order of Society was satisfying to the artists. One of the chief of these was asked if he experienced as much sympathy and appreciation from the new type of audience as the old, and whether he liked singing to the new as well as to the old. He replied that to him the social position of the members of his audience did not matter; that the mere appendages of the old-time theatre, the dresses, the fans, the flowers and other fripperies meant nothing at all; that understanding and sympathy were everything to the singer, and that in these things, there was no difference between the old and the new.

The audiences were certainly very attentive and most appreciative. They were composed in the main of quiet working folk and professional men and women. There were very few good clothes, but everybody was neat and tidy except about the feet. The only thing I noticed which seemed to indicate that many in the audience were new to the music was the applause when the curtain descended and before the orchestra finished. The "clappers" were reproved by the more instructed part of the audience, and will probably learn in time to respect the music till the end. And anyhow, I have seen in London theatres exhibitions of bad manners from people who fussed with their hats and cloaks during the last moments of the play or concert, infinitely harder to endure than the premature enthusiasm of the new opera-goers in Petrograd.

Certain nights at the Opera and theatre are reserved for soldiers and sailors, certain others for Trade Unionists and other workers, and the remainder are for the general public. The public pay for their places, the workers go in free. The tickets are distributed to them in turn through their organisations. So great is the demand for tickets that many people are able to sell theirs at double the price, which they frequently do, preferring the extra money to the music; whilst cunning speculators buy up quantities of tickets and make a profitable deal with them.

But the outstanding fact remains: That Opera and the best music and plays are accessible to all, free to most, and that Art is tenderly nurtured under the Soviet administration.

Artists are able to command big salaries in roubles, which, however, are not really big salaries when compared with those offered by foreign syndicates. Chaliapine, we were told by a Commissar, is able to earn two hundred thousand roubles in one night. But when it is

borne in mind that ten thousand roubles can be bought for an English pound and that £20 is the nightly sum commanded by one of the greatest singers who ever lived, it is not so outrageous a reward as the little Commissar appeared to think. It is, of course, very large when compared with the two thousand to eight thousand roubles which (in round figures) is the salary scale per month of the Trade Unions of Russia. Sometimes the artists are paid in kind. The men and women who sang and danced for our entertainment at the dinner in Petrograd were paid in white flour, a much valued commodity; and were paid well.

During the big interval in the first opera in Moscow, a performance of "Prince Igor," an interesting thing happened: Trotsky came into the anteroom to see the Delegates. We all crowded round him eager to have the latest news from the Polish front from which he had just come and to which he was immediately returning. He had to tell of great victories over the Poles, and spoke with magnificent confidence of overwhelming success to the Red armies.

Trotsky made his name and fame in Europe as the greatest of pacifists and anti-militarists; but not in the garb of St. Francis did he enter our midst!

Physically he is a remarkably fine-looking man; a Jew, dark and keen, with penetrating eyes, and a quiet manner suggestive of enormous reserves of strength. He was in an officer's uniform, which fitted him extremely well. When one of the Delegates was presented to him as a conscientious objector who had served a term in prison for his faith, he turned quickly and said, though not unkindly: "We can have nobody here who preaches peace and wants to stop the war."

The bell rang, and with Trotsky in our midst we re-entered the box, the late Czar's place in the vast theatre. Trotsky took his place in the middle of the front row. I occupied the seat next to him on his right, and so was in a position to see everything that happened. As soon as the great audience caught a glimpse of Trotsky it rose like one man, and with wild enthusiasm applauded its hero again and again. Naturally we rose with the rest to pay our respects to the man who was leading in his country's battles and winning all the time. The cheers doubled and trebled. People shouted themselves hoarse. It was the most spontaneous thing I have ever seen. It was wonderful! And then a great burly sailor in the first gallery sprang to the front and led both orchestra and audience in the singing of "The Internationalé." It was the one great occasion on which we joined in the singing of this overworked ditty with real and undiluted pleasure. This was because it was a natural

bursting into song of a great gathering standing to welcome its conquering hero. It was a fine occasion.

Trotsky speaks only a very little English, but his French is fluent and he was well understood. I should think he is very fond of music, for he gave the closest and most serious attention to the performance.

At one point in the performance there came a tender love-scene.

"There," said Trotsky turning to me and speaking in English for the first time, "is the great international language."

"Yes," I replied, "you are right. But there is also another--Art. These two great international languages of Love and Art will unite the world in peace and happiness at last."

I should think Trotsky is a man of throbbing vitality and of strong feeling; once of splendid vision. The banner of international peace and good-will on the basis of those principles afterwards adopted by President Wilson, raised by Trotsky at Brest-Litovsk and since trampled upon by the militarists of the world, marked him then a man of superb ideals. He failed at Brest-Litovsk as Wilson failed at Paris. Only when the nations dream them can such dreams as these come true.

The Art Theatre in Moscow is supposed to stand alone in lofty pre-eminence amongst the world temples of Art. Men and women have come from the four corners of the world to see how the work there is done. We saw an old Russian drama enacted here, "Czar Feodor." It was done in the Russian language, but so perfect was the acting that the story unfolded itself easily before our eyes; and, so far as an understanding of the characters was concerned, we did not need the few notes in English courteously supplied to us by the management.

It is a small theatre, without ornamentation of any kind. The audience suggested a meeting of the Fabian Society in type, the middle-class intellectual predominating. From beginning to end there was no applause. It is the custom. Such fine art neither needs nor desires noisy approval. So exacting is the service of Art here that the Czar himself would not have been admitted before the interval had he been so discourteous as to come late.

There is another little theatre in Moscow some of us visited, which is developing along new lines, and which is leading a revolt against the old, dramatic forms. Here we saw a perfect riot of extravagant colour

and design on Futurist lines. It was a mad story, madly told. Not to this place would the weary worker come after a day's hard toil, unless the orgy of colour, the almost savage tilting at everything normal and conventional in stage-life and stage-production could contribute to the stimulation of tired nerve and body. The first impression was of a madhouse. On second thoughts we rather liked it. Finally, we rejoiced to know that the amiable Director is bringing his company to London as soon as matters can be satisfactorily arranged.

It was eleven o'clock when we left this theatre, but still fresh and fit we drove to a large house in a distant part of Moscow which was the home of a Russian countess, but at present is called the Palace of Arts, a club for intellectuals of the front rank. The countess is graciously permitted the use of two or three rooms in the building, but the rest is open to the members of the club and their guests. We "happened in" on a very pleasant occasion, the birthday celebration of one of Russia's most distinguished living poets, Belmont. A gentle little man, with grey hair and a pleasant smile, he extended to us the hand of friendship and bade us welcome in a warm speech. One of us replied suitably, and we then settled down to listen to the greetings in their own verse or song of the poet's brothers and sisters in the craft. All had something to give him besides their words, a kiss on the hand or the cheek, or a nosegay of flowers. It was very touching. It showed us the old Art life of Russia still living in spite of the awful conditions.

But as we went out I caught sight of a man whose poor knee pushed its way through his torn garment, a poet whose fine eyes in a sunken face were full of pain. And in the lobby in front of me as I prepared to descend the grand old staircase was a woman in sables, though the night was hot, whose feet were bound in slippers of felt.

We drove home in the early morning, the last light of sunset contending with the first streaks of dawn. And I could not help wishing that the Communists would ask the lady of the house to step out of her rooms in the basement and consent to act as gentle hostess to these young and enthusiastic worshippers of Art who assembled nightly in her house.

The next day I discussed with a young, curly-headed Communist whose English was better than my own the wonders of art in Moscow.

"Yes, yes," he said, "We were never able to have anything like that in London. It cost too much. And the cheap seats were always full. It is very fine indeed. But let me whisper something," and here he gave a

half-rueful, mischievous smile, "it would be good to see and hear dear old George Robey again!"

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Christmas Day at Cherrywold

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
The Yale Literary Magazine (Vol.
LXXXVIII, No. 4, January 1923), by Various

'Tis Christmas Day at Cherrywold:
The snow is softly falling,
And through the valley as of old
The chimes are calling.
 But I shall wander far away
 This Christmas Day, this Christmas Day.

A place more fair than Cherrywold—
With nature's gifts more blessed—
You may not find, so I've been told,
From East to West.
 But I would not be led that way,
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day.

WALTER EDWARDS HOUGHTON, JR.

THE MOTHER—THE CHILD—THE STORY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
The Story Tellers' Magazine, Vol. I, No. 1, June 1913, by Various

Extract from a Report of Committee on Story Telling to the Montessori
Class, University of Virginia Summer School

Since all races in all epochs have used oral stories both as a means
of education and entertainment, and since much of the culture and
civilization that our ancestors have bequeathed to us has come down
to us in the form of story literature, and since the children of all

races and in all times have said, "Tell me a story," we believe it is fundamental in the child's life and education.

We believe that the mother, who instinctively hums lullabys and sings Mother Goose Rhymes to the child is cultivating the child's sense of rhythm, touching its feelings, and speaking to it through vocal language—voice modulation—which precedes verbal language; that the mother who sings

"Hush you bybaby in the tree tops,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock," etc.,

and other Mother Goose jingles, has already begun her story telling.

That the story, the most universally used medium for conveying truth and especially the told story that comes through the sensuous beauty of speech, should be continued throughout the child's education.

We believe that when a child attributes life to its doll, makes up strange and unreal stories, that it does so in obedience to a deep psychic necessity,—that of developing the imagination, and that as a child climbs a tree or ladder and in doing so develops his body and bodily senses, so he must have for the development of his imagination the clear, bold, mental picture whether it be in fairy and folk stories or the high daring of some noble hero in epic literature or history.

We believe that the development of the imagination should go hand in hand with the sense training, modified by local, ethnic, and individual needs, and that children as well as adults must have heroes to admire and worship and ideals to inspire; that the idea of God can be represented only through the imagination and that to deny the child stories of gods and supernatural beings would be to bring him up without religious training. That the story that delights the child has psycho-therapeutic value and whether it be fact or fiction it is true in a higher sense, ministering to the spiritual needs of the child, and therefore valuable in education.

We believe that it is the most inalienable right of all children to hear stories told from the great story books of the world; that wise selections of stories should be made not only from the literature and history of Europe and America, but from Japan, China, Russia, and India, so that we may develop in the young people a feeling of a world brotherhood.

THE GREAT EPICS

The following suggestive outline of a "STORY HOUR CYCLE," arranged by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, is re-published as an excellent example of systematic classification.

Such study applied to any of the great epics will not only discover to the story teller a great treasure house of stories, but will be helpful in holding them together in sequential relation.

STORIES FROM THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY

THE SIEGE OF TROY

STORY I. THE APPLE OF DISCORD

1. The Founding of Troy
2. Story of Paris and Œnone
3. Marriage of Peleus and Thetis
4. The Apple of Discord
5. The Judgment of Paris

STORY II. THE LEAGUE AGAINST TROY

1. The Athletic Games in Troy
2. Discovery of the Parentage of Paris
3. Embassy to Greece
4. Story of Helen and the Pledge of the Greek Princes
5. Abduction of Helen
6. League against Troy

STORY III. THE BEGINNING OF THE TROJAN WAR

1. The Stratagem of Ulysses

2. The Quest for Achilles
3. The Assembling of the Greeks
4. The Omen of the Snake and the Birds
5. The Sacrifice of Iphigenia
6. The Heroism of Protesilaus
7. Beginning of the War

STORY IV. THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFS

1. The Wrath of Apollo
2. How Agamemnon Wronged Achilles
3. The Revenge of Achilles
4. The Dream of Agamemnon
5. Assembly of the Greeks
6. The Counsel of Ulysses
7. Preparation for the Battle

STORY V. THE DUEL OF PARIS AND MENELAUS

1. The Challenge of Paris
2. The Combat
3. The Council of the Gods
4. The Broken Covenant

STORY VI. THE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX

1. The Message of Hector
2. The Parting of Hector and Andromache
3. The Challenge
4. The Casting of the Lots
5. The Combat
6. The Truce

STORY VII. THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN

1. The Command of Zeus to the Gods
2. The Battle
3. The Speech of Hector
4. The Council of the Greeks
5. The Embassy to Achilles

6. The Answer of Achilles

STORY VIII. THE DEEDS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

1. The Battle at the Ships
2. The Request of Patroclus
3. The Myrmidons March forth to Battle
4. The Death of Patroclus
5. The Grief of Achilles
6. How Achilles ended the Battle

STORY IX. THE EXPLOITS OF ACHILLES

1. The Making of the Armor for Achilles
2. The End of the Strife with Agamemnon
3. The Battle at the River
4. The Battle of the Gods
5. Achilles' Pursuit of the False Agener

STORY X. THE SLAYING OF HECTOR

1. The Pursuit of Hector by Achilles
2. The Combat
3. Death of Hector
4. Grief of Andromache
5. The Funeral of Patroclus
6. The Funeral Games of the Greeks
7. The Ransoming of Hector

STORY XI. THE FALL OF TROY

1. The Fate of Achilles
2. The Death of Paris
3. Capture of the Palladium
4. Stratagem of Ulysses
5. The Fate of Laocoön
6. Capture of Troy

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES

STORY XII. ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES WITH THE LOTUS-EATERS AND THE CYCLOPS

1. Adventure with the Ciconians
2. The Lotus-eaters
3. The Land of the Cyclops
4. In the Cave of the Cyclops
5. The Blinding of Polyphemus
6. Escape of Ulysses and his Companions

STORY XIII. THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDS AND THE HOUSE OF CIRCE

1. The Gift of Æolus
2. The Loosing of the Winds
3. Return to the Isle of Æolus
4. Adventure with the Læstrygones
5. The Wiles of Circe

STORY XIV. THE VISIT TO THE "LAND OF THE SHADES"

1. The Offering for the Dead
2. The Warning of Tiresias the Seer
3. How Ulysses Converses with his Mother and with Achilles and other Heroes
4. The Judging of the Dead
5. Return to Circe's Isle.

STORY XV. THE SONG OF THE SIRENS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS AND THE OXEN OF THE SUN

1. Song of the Sirens
2. Escape from Scylla and Charybdis
3. Arrival at the Island of the Sun
4. The Slaying of the Sacred Kine
5. The Wrath of Hyperion
6. The Shipwreck

STORY XVI. THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO AND THE SHIPWRECK ON THE COAST OF PHÆACIA

1. The Years on Calypso's Isle
2. Minerva seeks aid for Ulysses from Jupiter
3. Mercury is sent with a Message to Calypso
4. Making of the Raft
5. Departure of Ulysses
6. The Tempest
7. Ulysses Cast on the Coast of Phæacia

STORY XVII. THE PRINCESS NAUSICAA

1. The Request of Nausicaa
2. The Games of the Maidens
3. Discovery of Ulysses
4. How Ulysses was Received in the Palace of Alcinous
5. The Festival
6. Return to Ithaca
7. Ulysses left asleep in his Native Shore
8. The Ship of the Phæacians changed to a Rock

STORY XVIII. THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS

1. The Suitors of Penelope
2. Penelope's Web
3. Visit of Minerva to Telemachus
4. Assembly of the Men of Ithaca
5. Departure of Telemachus in quest of Ulysses
6. Journey to Pylos and Sparta
7. Telemachus warned by Minerva to return to Ithaca
8. Conspiracy of the Suitors
9. Escape of Telemachus

STORY XIX. THE BATTLE OF THE BEGGARS

1. Awakening of Ulysses
2. Transformation into an Old Man
3. Meeting with Eumæus
4. Arrival of Telemachus
5. Eumæus conducts Ulysses to his Palace
6. The Dog Argus
7. The Beggars' Quarrel

8. The End of the Feast

STORY XX. THE TRIUMPH OF ULYSSES

1. Removal of the Weapons from the Hall
2. Interview with Penelope
3. The Scar of the Boar's Tooth
4. The Last Banquet of the Suitors
5. The Trial of the Bow
6. Death of the Suitors
7. Recognition of Ulysses by Penelope

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Rupert Brooke on the War

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
The Little Review, December 1914 (Vol. 1, No. 9).
by Margaret C. Anderson

In her Letter from London two months ago Miss Amy Lowell made a reference to Harold Munro's Poetry Book Shop in London which may have seemed a little unfair to people who know the high aim of Mr. Munro in that undertaking of his. Miss Lowell did not intend it to be so; in fact she plans for an early number of THE LITTLE REVIEW an article which shall set forth the interesting work that is being done there. In the meantime we have been shown a letter from Robert Brooke, one of the Poetry Book Shop group, which is certainly not open to the charge of "preciousness". Mr. Brooke is in the War; he is a Naval Sub-Lieutenant for service on land, attached to the Second Naval Battalion and was sent with the relief force to Antwerp "just too late". The letter reads:

"There I saw a city bombarded and a hundred thousand refugees, sat in the trenches, marched all night, and did other typical and interesting things. Now we're back for more training. I will probably get out again by Christmas.... There's nothing to say, except that the tragedy of Belgium is the greatest and worst of any country for centuries. It's ghastly for anyone who liked Germany as well as I did.... I'm afraid fifty years won't give them the continuity and loveliness of life back again! Most people are enlisting. — and his brother have gone into cavalry; I'm here: among my fellow officers being Denis Brown, one of the best musicians in England; Kelly, the pianist who won the Diamond Sculls; one of the Asquiths; a man who has been mining in the Soudan; a

New Zealander—an Olympic swimmer; an infinitely pleasant American youth, called —, who was hurriedly naturalized “to fight for justice” ... and a thousand more oddities. In the end, those of us who come back will start writing great new plays.” Our London correspondent, Mr. E. Buxton Shanks, sends a note with infinite pathos in it. “I enclose a letter for December,” he writes. “Unfortunately it may be my last. The greater part of my regiment went to France last Monday and I expect to follow it before long, so that this may be not only my last Letter to THE LITTLE REVIEW, but also my last piece of literature for ever and ever.”

Russia in Storm

From Russian newspapers and private letters that have been smuggled through into this country we learn about the great resurrection that is taking place in the land of extremes. The war has shaken the dormant giant, and life is pulsating with tremendous vigor. The abolition of liquor-trade has had an unbelievable effect on the population; the fact that this reform was promulgated by the government which has thereby lost nearly a billion yearly revenue, is of inestimable significance. The Czar and his counsellors have finally awakened to recognize the impossibility of reigning over a country without citizens, and liberal reforms on a wide scope are being announced. Nationalities and parties are united under a new slogan: “Down with Nationalism! Long live Patriotism!” Even the reactionary organs have abandoned their chauvinistic tone, and they preach equality and freedom and the abolition of the bureaucratic régime which they ascribe to Germanistic influences. The revolutionary parties, however, are not intoxicated with the momentary upheaval; they have had too many bitter experiences to be lulled by promises from the throne. Of all the warring nations the Russian socialists were the only party to take an openly antagonistic attitude towards their government. They were demonstratively absent from the Douma when the war manifesto was announced, and later they gave out a declaration in which they expressed their condemnation of the government and its policy. Recently an official communication stated a discovered conspiracy among the radical members of the Douma. It is clear that the revolutionists intend to forge the iron while it is hot; this time affords them a rare opportunity for forcing the Autocrat to yield to the demands of the people and in defiance of popular sentiments and drummed up patriotism, the uncompromising fighters brave their way forward to the ultimate goal. It is great life in Russia!

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM:

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Captain Billy's Whiz Bang. Vol. 3, No. 28.
December, 1921, by Various

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'Throw Out the Life Line'

"How did you like the banquet last night?"

"Fine. There was a lady at the table across from me who had one of those
'table line gowns' on. She looked like Venus."

"How do you know she had on a gown, then?"

"I dropped my fork."

Whiz Bang Editorials

"_The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet._"

There are many "Calamity Janes" in the U. S. A. One of their stock cries,
just after a crime has been committed is, "If she gets off, she's going
in the movies!"

Let us look at the real facts. Searching the history of the moving
picture business, in not a single instance has a murder been starred in
pictures.

About seven or eight years ago a wealthy married man in Virginia was shot
by his wife (or was it by a girl in the case?)—Beulah Binford—because
he had trifled with her affections. The courts proved the man a rotter,
and because Beulah was a very young girl, she was released without a
prison sentence. Beulah's heart and life were broken and she wanted to
bury herself in her little home town and try to start over again, but
she needed money. An unscrupulous promoter from New York who thought he
could profit by the notoriety caused by the crime, made her an offer to
be starred in pictures. Beulah went to New York. The picture was taken

but the police closed Madison Square Garden when it was scheduled to show there. Even in those early days of picturedom, movie companies of any standing were bitterly incensed against promoters who wanted to make money by exploiting crime.

The tragic figure in this case was Beulah Binford herself. When the picture failed to bring in receipts she was left alone and penniless in a strange city. She went from studio to studio asking for work, but despite the fact that she was beautiful, no one wanted to take a chance with her. Finally the Republic Film Company, of New York, gave her a job sorting papers in their office. She went through countless hardships in the city. What has become of her, we do not know.

A few years later, in Wisconsin, a boy student killed his sweetheart in a lonely wooded section not far from the state university buildings. The case was never proved to have been premeditated murder and he was not given a prison sentence. A well known New York syndicate writer, a woman went out to Wisconsin and tied up the boy's services for pictures. She then hastened back to New York to sell the contract for a profit. Every picture company in New York turned down her proposition to star the boy!

After Marie Edwards shot Senator Lyons a year or so ago in California, she visited all the studios in Los Angeles in an attempt to get into the movies. Not a single position was offered her.

Mrs. Louise Peete, who was recently sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of J. C. Denton at his home in Los Angeles, made overtures to the picture companies during the time she thought she was going to be freed. Not a single studio executive paid the slightest attention to her attempts to be exploited on the screen.

The "son" of Senator New, who brutally killed his sweetheart in Topanga Canyon near Los Angeles about a year ago, also thought he might follow a picture career, but this was cut short when he was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. Marie Bailey, who shot her sweetheart, Clarence Hogan, in Pasadena last December, told all reporters that she was going to be featured in pictures as soon as she was released. Mrs. Bailey had previously played in pictures, but when she was arrested, picture studios all made the notation that she would never again be hired even as an "extra." Marie has gone "up" for ten years.

The Clara Hamon picture, "Fate," although already produced, has not been

exhibited in the theatres. In the light of the history of past cases has it a chance?

* * * * *

Burning kisses always go with sparks.

* * * * *

An authority once established is hard to controvert. That is why it is going to be one heck of a job to knock any kind of a dent into the present Volstead law prohibiting even a smelling acquaintance with wine, beer or regular hard “licker.” Organized minorities vote solidly in politics; the vote of the majority is scattered. There is nothing more easily swayed than popular opinion and popular “passion” with the right kind of propaganda.

I remember when Carpentier, the French fight champ, came across to get his bump on the beak, Gus and I were discussing the antics of the New York society women who “literally” fought with each other for the privilege of kissing him at a garden party. It is the human nature of the female of the specie to kiss the male brute at every opportune occasion, and, under stress of easily aroused emotions, under other conditions as well.

Emotion is a primitive human instinct and if women swarm to kiss a prize fighter in these enlightened days, it is easy to understand how an unorganized majority of males, as well as females, might be moulded by proper propaganda to a conviction that this country will go to the bow wows unless booze of all character and description is kicked into the discard.

We must admit that the prohibition minority did not slip anything over on the majority when it wasn't looking. First they sneaked into a few legislatures and then they put it through Congress and had it ratified by their legislatures. The majority found out about it when it was too late. All the majority can do now is to defy the Volstead law and vote down the enforcement provisions of it. Some of them are doing this—while others are becoming Cunard addicts and going to Europe and Havana.

Europe used to be a continent of kings—now it is only America's corner saloon.

We have never held any particular briefs for Squirrel whisky and other

forms of 100 proof “hootch.” But even our former president, Woodrow—what was his name?—Wilson, is strong for wines and beers and we are willing to stack with him on this question, at least. It is going to be a hard job—getting any concessions from the prohibitionists. We believe Gus has the right idea, however, when he says the day of the “bum voyage” to Europe is nearing a close, and that the old familiar sign “Wines, Liquors and Segars” may soon be dusted off and tacked up outside the front door.

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The Way They Sing It

We will now sing that little Nanny-goat song entitled “Mammy.” Also that well known ballad “Just a Japanese Ashcan.”

* * * * *

The stage contortionist leads a double life.

Smokehouse Poetry

Every once in a while we get regular he-man verse prompted by dreams in some feather bed, but from the pen of Budd L. McKillips, Whiz Bang readers again are to be treated with a poem inspired by real life. In the Winter Annual of the Whiz Bang we reproduced Mr. McKillips’ poem “After the Raid,” inspired while Mr. McKillips, as a newspaper reporter, “covered” story of the raid on the National Dutch Room cabaret in Minneapolis. Recently pretty Zelda Crosby, picture scenario writer, of New York, committed suicide in a hotel by drinking poison, as a result of a prominent film magnate spurning her after teaching her the ways of love and folly. This magnate, like many other alleged reformers, has been a leading figure in the movement for purity in pictures. The title of Mr. McKillips poem, written exclusively for the Whiz Bang, is “The Girl From Over ‘There’.” In addition to that poem we are publishing a crackerjack rival to the “Gila Monster Route,” with which Winter Annual readers have fallen in love, called “The Blanket Stiff.”

* * * * *

The Spirit of Mortal

Oh, Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, like a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
And be scattered around and together be laid,
And the old and the young and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who limbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been:
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber shall come;

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died!—ay; they died, we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode;
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon, the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

* * * * *

Just Thinking

By Hudson Hawley.

(In the Stars and Stripes.)

Standin' up here on the fire-step
Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory
And a rifle clutched in your fist;
Waitin' and watchin' and wond'rin'
If the Huns comin' over tonight—
Say, aren't the things you think of,
Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of
For a couple o' months or more;
Things that 'ull set you laughin';
Things that 'ull make you sore;
Things that you saw in the movies,
Things that you saw on the street,
Things that you're really proud of,
Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collection,

Stories you hear and forget,
Ball games and birthday parties,
Hours of drill in the wet;
Headlines, recruitin' posters,
Sunsets way out at sea,
Evenings of pay days—golly—
It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in the home burg,
Voices of women folk,
Verses you learned in school days,
Pop up in the mist and smoke,
As you stand there grippin' that rifle,
A standin' and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',
Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
When will the gang break through?
What will the U. S. look like?
What will there be to do?
Where will the Boshes be then?
Who will have married Nell?
When's that relief a-comin' up?
Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

* * * * *

Gee Whiz

By Dorothy.

Dream girl with your raven hair
Eyes of brown and dimples too
Can't you find one day to spare
That I may elope with you?

Too many ginks are on your hooks
You trifle right and left
They toddle round with hungry looks
Poor nuts they're all bereft.

Dream girl get your cigarettes
And I'll produce the booze,

Put the brake on vain regrets
And let us burn the fuse.

Hire a hall or buy a yacht
It's all the same, Oh! gee
But give me everything you've got
It's coming straight to ME.

Dream girl with your raven hair
Come cuddle up and tease
Love me, bite me like a bear,
Then kiss me—naughty—please.

Make it today and don't postpone
Don't make your sweetie pout,
Dear heart I'm sitting all alone
For the darned old booze gave out.

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Frazer's Find

BY ROBERTA LITTLEHALE.

from The Project Gutenberg eBook of
The black cat (vol. i, no. 3, December 1895), by Various

THE midnight stars glowed through the broken blackness of a winter's sky down upon the roof of a house where a man sat alone with his arms stretched over an empty bed. Such of his thoughts as were within his control were focused on the life and the death of his past. The bare branches of the willows scraped to and fro on the shingles, and the water in the reservoir lapped softly against the piles of the foundation. There was no light in the room to show the already hopeless untidiness of inanimate things, and the quiet figure of the aging man seemed carved out of rock.

To the youth of him, physical and mental, he returned, and remembered that he had been modeled on lines which made people expect the things for which they willingly yielded him affection and consideration in advance. It was in the tempered pain of the hope of fulfilment that his family and friends had speeded him from New England to the practise of his profession of law in a Southern city. It was in their early

triumph at having counted on him truly that the fever of the California gold days got into his veins. It had been no struggle to him to throw everything over and make for the life that beat fastest and fullest in incident. The struggle had lain in separation from a woman whose saneness and spirit he felt he could not live without. But in the end he had disregarded her opposition for the sake of the beckoning fortunes and joined an ox-train caravan over the plains. The dragging slowness with which the days went by had been broken only by the alertness of his own fancy, until the discovery, one blistering Arizona night, of the loss of his money-belt. He had bathed only five miles farther back, and he had no memory of having restrapped the hot and heavy buckskin about his waist. Ignoring the danger of Indian attack, he rode over again in the starlight the miles to the little creek in the wilderness. It had been so much of a relief to find it safe. He stood strapping it about him, and he could hear as distinctly now as then the sound that fell on his ears. It was the hot and hopeless sobbing of a human voice. He had stood immovable, conscious that a group of cacti on his right sheltered a prostrate body. Then he had hurried over and found a slender boy, a slight, nervous, black-eyed Mexican, with a sunburned fairness of skin revealing his mixture of Castilian blood.

He had raised the boy quietly, and the child had hung about his neck, frenzied and fainting. The weakness of his condition made anything impossible beyond literally riding with him in his arms back again to camp. The boy's clothes were torn and dirty and his flesh was bleeding, but his delicate Southern beauty was none the less strongly in evidence.

Frazer remembered the interest and assistance of his comrades. They had hovered in the silence of men's earnestness until the boy was able to make himself coherent. His father, and mother, and brothers had been seized by the Indians, and only the accident of his having been sent after a straying mare had saved his life, by enabling him to hide himself successfully from the raiders.

His extravagant affection for Frazer made a shadow the only simile of his constant presence with him. The boy's nervous timidity and gentleness had found its chief outlet in the watchfullest care of him and the things he cared for. He had seemed wholly lacking in the lore of his class regarding life in the open. He had never gone among the horses or cared to use a gun, but had taken upon himself the cooking and domestic duties of camp life.

The men, in their vigorous courage and spirit, had found the boy

monotonous except in the satisfaction he picturesquely afforded, and Frazer had accepted his homage with a mind so absorbed in his own affairs as to be little short of indifferent to the lad's presence.

As they had traveled heavily on over the Texas plains and slept under the Texas stars, Frazer could remember the softness of the small hand that had wakened him from sleep in its searching for the comfort of his presence. And one night the child had crept close to him.

"Señor——"

Frazer had wanted to sleep; he had answered nothing.

"Señor!" The boy's hand lingered this time in an earnest pressure upon his own.

"Yes?" he had said.

"It is only—may I stay always with you?"

It had seemed a simple thing to promise to keep him with him, and Frazer had gone to sleep in the very midst of the passionate little torrent of Mexican gratitude.

In the excitement of his early months in California the boy had seemed vastly a nuisance in transportation. Frazer had stayed only long enough in San Francisco to acquire an outfit and vocabulary, and hurried off to the southern mines. The boy rode closely by his side, indifferent to fatigue, his cheerfulness clouded by the fear that he might be overlooked and left behind.

Those months of feverish toil, and exaltation, and depression! As they lengthened into years, with the pot of gold still at the inaccessible end of the rainbow, and the blunt unloveliness of the frontier life rusting the vigor of his finer fiber, Frazer remembered his sense of restless resentment because the woman whom he loved and had left would not make any acknowledgment of his mistake or his failure. The impersonal tone of her early letters had been easier to bear than the silence she was beginning to make him endure. It seemed to him the tenseness of his resolve to wrest the success of yellow gold through the clustering difficulties had only taken its firmest hold of him before the illness came that had hastened a revelation perhaps unfortunately delayed.

He remembered through the first hours before unconsciousness had come to him how glad he had been to feel that the boy was with him. They were living in the roughest of cliff cabins, alone, and he had ordered him off to camp for a doctor. The boy had given him whisky, and then had stood in so irresolute a fright and suffering that Frazer had sworn him into action.

He knew now that he had lain four weeks near death; but when he opened his eyes upon that mellow October twilight, long ago, he was unconscious of anything but a pair of dimming Mexican eyes that dropped tears on his gaunt face, and an intense feminine sobbing mingled with expressions of love for him shaken out of the abyss of a suffering woman's heart. The hot cheeks that rested on his own were those he was used to in the boy. The clothes on her limbs in all their pitiful poverty were the masculine ones he had liked to see so picturesquely carried, but the strain in the voice and the music of its words were new, and amazing, and appalling.

In the silence of weakness he listened, and over and over again he heard the reiteration of her resolve.

"There is nothing, beloved, that can drive me from you but the death from your hand which will not kill."

And after awhile he had said to her:

"Little one, why did you do it?"

But he had known it was the wisdom of the wisest before she had answered him, that for a girl this life offered greater perils as well as fewer chances.

She did not light their candle, but remained on her knees by the bed, getting his medicine at intervals by the lingering light that came in from the window.

"It will be just the same," she had whispered; "it need make no difference, señor."

And Frazer had lain there, facing the fact of the very great difference, in a regret that could fancy no arrangement not death-doing to this woman who had nursed him, and had loved him, and had told him so.

"The woman at the hotel—the landlady," he had said to her in his weak, thin voice, "she would care for you if I paid her, or you might go East. You might go to school."

But the helpless poverty of his present condition had forced a wan smile on his dry lips, and the girl was writhing as with actual physical pain and would not listen.

In his weakened condition he could not concentrate himself sufficiently to adopt any decisive measure. He had felt the tumult of her emotions gradually still itself as he laid his hand on her short, black hair, and when her breathing was even and quiet he had asked her, feeling a revolt within him, "The doctor, and the boys—have they guessed it?"

But how had he expected her to know anything of any man but the one she loved? She did not know, she had answered him; she had not thought to think of it.

And she had not slept through the long night hours, nor had he, and in the morning the fever was high again.

In the dragging feebleness of his convalescence both had avoided any reference to the revelation that night. Things went on as before, but the humble devotion and care of Frazer's Mexican protégée was as properly interpreted by the quick camp instinct as it was immediately acquiesced in and forgotten.

From this time Frazer had little communication with the civilization he had deserted, and none whatever with the woman who waited in the South in silence and the suffering of doubt. He remembered the utter emptiness of his life and his hope as the following years of his toil and alertness yielded him only bitterer disappointments. There came children now, little dark miniatures of their stout, faded mother, whose heart was as full of reverence and love for him as was her girl's heart, and who seemed not to know that the hours which he lived with her were lost hours.

It was on his way home to her one night, in the gentleness which masked his hideous unrest, that his eye discovered the ledge of quartz which had more than laid the foundation of that success he had early strived for. It had not taken long to form a company, and before the year was out gold came to his pocket in as unsweated for a fashion as the air to his lungs.

The men, his partners, had thrown back their shoulders and inflated their chests. The blood ran in their veins to more composite measure, and they planned diversion and further manipulation after their different natures. Three of them were for the East and the world again—and, O God! but the frenzy in his own brain. They had come to him seriously as man to man and explained their sense of his absolute insanity in throwing up the entire future of his career by life in this place, tied down in his fashion. Other men,—they themselves,—were under obligation, but not so deeply that money would not bridge it and—damn it!—friends and family must have some consideration in successful men's lives.

That night had been another so strongly accented that its impression would, never fade. He had sat at the oilclothed table, in the little cabin, and tried to sufficiently detach himself from the children and himself to get an unbiased view-point. He could see only the light of her love in her eyes, the child-love in theirs, and, through their gentle subjection, their genuine faith in and dependence on him. The shabbiness of his environment she did not permit to become slovenly, but the common vulgarity of it all surged through his eyes like light. He had sent the children from him and gone out into the pines, until the vast, sweet silence of their majesty laid more on him than he could bear.

As he came in the door she had handed him a letter left by a miner on his way from camp. She had lighted two candles, and pulled up his chair, and hushed the talking of the children in their bed. She had sat near and searched his face for what the actual possession of the letter could not have given her, and felt only misunderstanding because she had never seen a struggle between the spirit's life and death.

Frazer had read, "Whatever the mistake, we can yet outlive the pain of it. I am waiting for you." She had signed the name he had made for her, and he could not look at it twice for the blinding tears under his lids.

Geraldine was waiting for him!

Geraldine's mouth, which drooped at the corners and created the dimples she hated, when it fell a-smiling, was ready to yield to him!

Geraldine's face, and beauty, and spirit were true to him!

He could not tell how long it was before he got possession of himself. The candles were dripping low in their tin sockets, and one of the

women who loved him was still in her chair near his elbow, frightened, and quiet, and intense.

He had held out a hand to her and she had come over and knelt at his side.

"Little one," he had said, "this life is not right for our children. To-morrow we must get the priest and be married. There is money now, and they must be taught to live more cleverly than their father and their mother."

He had left her perplexed in her relief, while he threw himself on the bed for the sleep of utter exhaustion.

The burden of life would be doubly worse with the material leisure money could bring, but Frazer had never stopped toiling all his days. He could not.

Money in the helpless hands of his wife meant only unwelcome care for her, and their exclusion in a larger, isolated home was in no sense different from life in their cabin.

Frazer held himself aloof from the movement of the growing towns and cities, and watched the weak physical fiber of his children, marked by their unambitious Southern strain. Energy for acquirement of any sort was not theirs, and for his family his money meant only the material supply of food and clothes.

From this very home on the reservoir banks he had gone to his mines with a regularity interrupted only when it was necessary to follow the coffin of one of his children to the rocky, shrub-dotted cemetery on the hills. There had been three of them, and none of the apparently sturdy children had escaped the fatal collapse of consumption.

That morning he had driven there the fourth time. The body of his wife was laid under the ground after her thirty years of faithful care, according to her light. And Frazer was alone with his money, and his love, and the suffering he had made it his business to bear.

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A PANSY BED.

From: Project Gutenberg's

Birds and Nature, Vol. 10 No. 1 [June 1901], by Various

There is ever so much fun in a pansy bed. If you have never had one, ask your papa or mamma to let you have one this summer. A few dozen plants will give you much pleasure.

There are so many little faces to know among them, and so many little family groups. Some grin at you like monkeys, others scowl, some seem to wink, some smile shyly, while others are curious and open-eyed. There is a white family delicately blue-veined--Colonial Dames, I call them. There are negroes of the darkest hue, Indians, and those that the sun seems to have bronzed. There are groups of Chinamen with their little "yellow kids." Some are tattooed, and some have striped skin. Many wear ruffled bonnets, and some have beards. The little clusters are so erect and alert on a morning after a heavy dew that they seem like families off for an outing or school children waiting for a snap shot. There are lovely grandmothers wearing purple caps with white frills, and with faces though crinkled and wrinkled yet full of smiles and wisdom. There are sweethearts too, their little heads close together, and they whisper, whisper when the wind goes by.

What do you think? One day from out of my bowl of pansies which I had placed on the lunch table skipped two frisky "yellow kids." I discovered them hand in hand skipping away. Their little figures were reflected in the polished surface of the table, and they seemed partners out of a Virginia reel. As I put them back in the bowl among their elders, I felt that I had wantonly interrupted a runaway.

Watch how the pansies love the rain! As they seem praying for it with bent heads in dry weather, so they seem a-quiver with thanksgiving after a shower.

There are many things you can do with your pansies. First, though, you must love them. You must teach pussy and the dog not to tramp over them. Every day you must take off all the faded flowers. You must water them and weed them. You will enjoy gathering a bouquet daily for the house, and if anybody is ill, papa or mamma or some one else you love, by all means carry them a bunch of your pansies.

In midsummer, when the fairies have pitched their tents about the sweet-scented bed, the blossoms will have become so many that if grandpa

or grandma has a birthday, you can gather seventy or eighty (possibly ninety if you need so many) for a birthday gift. You will not see the fairies about the bed, for they come at midnight, but the dew-sprinkled tents are there, and the cluster of toadstools that the brownies like so well.

Do not forget to give some flowers to the poor children who stand outside your gate, and who wish for some for their very own. The children who have no garden love to look at yours.

Perhaps you have an older sister or brother who paints. If so, they may like some of your pansies to sketch, and to keep in the house in the winter when your real ones are tucked under the earth and snow.

You will find several live things in your flower bed; the bees, the butterflies, and once in a while a humming-bird. Sir Bumble, the bee who looks so heavy and clumsy, touches lightly the pansies, and the pansies like to have him about, for he is so lively and cheery, so do not drive him away. The light yellow and the deep yellow butterflies seem like the pansies themselves, flying off from their stems for a journey about the country. Who knows what the butterflies and the bees tell the flowers, or what messages the flowers send by the flying creatures that pay them visits? When you have pansy beds of your own perhaps you will be able to write me some stories, and then perhaps you can tell me what the butterflies, bees and pansies talk about.

Grace Marion Bryant.

THE MULLEN. [AKA Mullein]



Most of the familiar or useful plants have had their origin or characteristics accounted for by myths or legends, whereby the ignorant and superstitious have attempted to explain such features as attracted their attention. Some of these ideas were creditable to the plant, while others were quite the contrary. The Mullen appears to have led a dual existence, seeking an alliance with the spiritual world and at the same time aiding and abetting the witches in their nefarious undertakings.

A very pretty story concerning the Mullen is attributed to the American Indian, but in some regards it seems to be a variant of the Scandinavian Tree of Life myth. It appears that the Great Spirit of the red men lived at the top of a high tree whose branches reached to the heavens; as no mortal could attain to this high attitude, a spirit of the woods, in the guise of a beautiful maiden, took pity upon the people and so fashioning a ladder from the stems of the wild grape vine, she fastened it to a star. In order that the Great Father might not be disturbed, the fair sylvan carpeted the steps of the ladder with the velvet leaves of the Mullen, upon which she noiselessly ascended and descended, bearing the petitions of the red men or bringing to them advice or admonitions.

Of the one hundred and twenty-five species of Mullen that are native to the old world, five have become naturalized in the United States. The Great Mullen (*Verbascum thapsus*), so familiar in dry, open fields, was originally christened by Pliny and has since received over forty English names of a less classical origin and significance. The name *Verbascum* is supposed to be derived from *Berbascum*, meaning a beard. Pliny doubtless selected this name, either because of the hairs on the stems of the plants or on account of the silky character of the leaves. The specific

name, thapsus, is said to have been added, as the plants grew in considerable numbers in the vicinity of Thapsus.

One of the significant but impracticable common names of the Great Mullen is Hag-taper. The plant gained this unpleasant appellation by reason of the fact that if any one steps on a young Mullen plant after sundown, the witches will ride him as a horse until morning, lighting the way with Mullen stalks used for torches. These torches were also employed at the meetings of the hags and witches, when the leaves of the plant were an important element in the concoctions prepared in their cauldrons. Another name is Hare's Beard, illustrating a class of plants that have weird names because of some fancied likeness to animals. The name Cow's Lungwort, arose from the resemblance between the leaf and the dewlap of a cow, from which it was argued that the plant must be a specific for lung diseases. In England, where the Mullen is known as Blanket Leaf, the dried leaf is tied around the throat in cases of colds. It is believed that the leaf sets up a mild irritation which will be beneficial. The dried stalks of the plants were often used for torches at funerals which gave rise to the names High or Hedge Torch. The Great Mullen varies in height from two to seven feet. The stem is stout, very woolly, with branching hairs. The oblong, pale green, velvety leaves form a rosette on the ground or alternately clasp the stem. The flowers, which are about an inch in diameter, are clustered around a thick, dense spike, and have two long and three short stamens, so arranged as to materially assist the process of cross fertilization which is largely carried on by bees. It is interesting to note in connection with the thick woolly covering of the plant that many vegetable forms are so protected when exposed to intense heat or cold. This is true of most alpine and desert forms and the value of such a protection to the Mullen will be seen when it is remembered that the plants are always found in open, dry, stony fields exposed to the fierce heat of the sun, and afforded no protection for the rosettes of year-old plants which must survive the winter in order to send up the flower stalk the second spring.

The Moth Mullen (*Verbascum blattaria*) is a far more attractive and graceful plant than the form previously described. The specific name was derived from the idea that the plant would kill the cockroach (*Blatta*). It was supposed that moths would not go near the plant, and it was quite a general custom in New England to pack these plants or flowers with clothing or furs in order to keep out moths. The stamens are similar to those of the Great Mullen, except the filaments are tufted with violet hairs. The flowers are yellow or white on long, loose racemes. The erect, slender stem is usually about two feet in height, and as a rule

there are no leaves present at the flowering time.

Charles S. Raddin.

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THE WAVES AT WORK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

from Project Gutenberg's Harper's Young People, January 24, 1882, by Various

Were you ever down by the beach when the wind was blowing in from the open sea? Did you see the white-caps? Did you see the surf as one great green wave after the other came marching in, and fell over with a magnificent roar on the beach, while the salt spray filled all the air with briny fragrance? If you have seen these splendid sights, you remember how the waves seemed to march along in a great procession before the strong wind. Strange sights are these, yet the way in which the wind starts the waves and keeps them moving is stranger still.

If you go to Sandy Hook, or to Rockaway, or Coney Island by boat, you will see some of these things. The wind blows upon the water, and as it moves very easily, a part of the water is pushed up into little heaps by the wind. If the wind is light, these tiny heaps are small, and soon fall down again. When the wind ruffles the water in this way, we call it a ripple. When the wind blows stronger, it pushes up more water, and we call these heaps and ridges waves. As the wind keeps on blowing in the same direction, the heaps rise and fall quickly, and the waves appear to move along over the surface of the water in a great procession. It is really only an appearance. The water does not move along, but only up and down, as the motion started by the wind passes over the surface. However, for our purposes, it is enough to describe things just as they look.

Under the waves the water is calm and still. The huge billows that roll over the sea in storms are seldom much more than fifteen feet high, and they pass over the surface without disturbing the water beyond the depth of a few feet. Every wave has a top, a middle part, and a bottom, or lower part. When a wave coming in from the sea approaches the shore, the bottom of the wave strikes the land first. The sand catches and holds it back and makes it go slower. The top of the wave, not feeling this friction against the ground, rushes forward, leaving the lower part behind. As the wave comes nearer to the beach, the bottom part is held

back more and more, and the whole wave tips over. It pitches forward as if tripped up, and the top rushes onward swiftly, while the lower part lags behind. The crest, or upper edge, rises higher, for there is no room for it all to pass, and it lifts up as if trying to stand upright.

The air gets caught under the crest of the wave in front, and in a moment the wave, unable to rise any higher, falls flat on its face upon the sand. The air caught under it bursts out with a roaring sound, and escapes through the water in a million white bubbles that make the water look like milky foam.

The white-caps you see upon the open water are made in the same way. The wind seems to be impatient that the waves move so slowly, and it knocks their caps off, and the poor waves seem to get very mad about it, and to grow quite white in the face. The top of the wave tries to rush ahead of the lower part, and tumbles over in the foaming water-fall the sailors call a white-cap.

When a wave reaches the shore, something very curious happens. The bottom of the wave strikes the ground first. The wave drags over the sand as it passes on toward the beach, and draws some of the loose sand after it. First, the smaller and lighter grains are rolled along or lifted up and carried a short distance by the wave. As the water grows more shallow, the wave scrapes and drags over the sand, and the larger grains and even small pebbles are rolled along after the lighter sand. But the wave must go slower here, and thus it lets go its hold and drops its load. When it has passed, the sand, that may have been level before, is raised into a low ridge or windrow. The smaller and lighter grains, being carried farthest, are dropped in one place, and the heavier grains and small pebbles are dropped in another place.

The next wave may stir up and drag along more sand, and lay it down, all sorted out, on the ridge. Other waves may follow, and do the same thing, and so the heap begins to grow: the baby sand-bar has been born. It may have been a mere trifle that started it just there--a crab or the bones of a dead fish, some gravel dropped from a piece of melting ice, a stray bit of sea-weed. No matter what it was, or how trifling the obstruction, the loose sand rolled along by the wave caught just there, and was left behind; the next wave left a little more, and each in turn added to the heap.

Waves are very irregular in size, and perhaps some big fellow may lift up more sand than he can carry, and may drop it all in one place. Then for some time the weather may be pleasant, and the tiny ridge, perhaps not a quarter of an inch high, and twenty feet wide, may rest awhile.

Then a storm comes, with large waves, and when they meet this slight obstruction they go over it more slowly, and drop part of their loads upon it. So it may grow very fast in a single day. In front, toward the sea, the sand will be scooped out in long trenches, and behind it will be a stretch of deeper and smoother water. After that every wave that comes in stumbles and appears to trip just there, and there are white-caps over that spot even in pleasant weather. When the smooth swelling rollers are coming in from the sea, they appear to be angry every time they strike their feet on the hidden bar, and they tumble over with a roar, and show a white feather of foam in their caps.

The sand-bar, once started, never stops growing or changing. It grows wider and higher, or it changes its shape, twisting about in the strangest manner. Smaller bars spring up upon it, or disappear only to grow up in another place. At last, some spring day, when the tides run low, the bar appears above the water. Strange things have happened to it. The fish have made it their home, lively crabs scamper about on the wet sand, and thousands of clams find a snug resting-place there.

One day last summer I found one of these young sand-bars cast up by a storm at the eastern point of Coney Island, near the inlet at the end of the Marine Railway. It was so strange that I took a shot at it with my camera, and here it is. It is a very small affair, and you may not be able to find it next summer, for I dare say the next storm tore it all to pieces, or carried it away and put it somewhere else.

[Illustration: FINGERS OF THE SEA.]

You see the long, low heap of sand thrown up by the waves. Beyond is the sea looking toward Rockaway. Behind the bar is a long pool of still water, and you can see how the waves, in pushing the sand forward, drove it into the pool in long fingers, or capes. See the sea-weed and rubbish thrown up by the surf. It is all sorted out, the larger pieces at the top, and the smaller bits trailing along toward the pool. All the light sand is arranged by itself next the pool of still water. This bar was thrown up on top of the beach by a storm, yet it serves to show how the sand-bars made under water look. Even on shore you can hear the bars roaring and moaning all day and night, as the great work of the sea goes on, never stopping, never hurrying, for centuries after centuries.

ON CIGARETTE SMOKING.

BY AN OLD SMOKER

I am an old smoker, that is past all doubt; but I was a young smoker as well. I can remember my first smoke as if it was but yesterday. It was a fine day in June, and I was about twelve years old. Three of us, all at about the same advanced period of life, felt a noble ambition to show ourselves men as soon as possible, and we concluded that, while it might do for girls to spend their money on candies and pies, every boy who had any self-respect would prefer the manly pleasure of a smoke.

We raised about a quarter among us, and bought three clay pipes and some tobacco. We began to show our manliness at recess. We got behind the school-house, into the nook of an old snake fence, and lit our pipes.

The results were terrible. I do not mean the mere flogging we all got for not being back in school after recess, for in those good old days a flogging more or less was a thing of no importance. I mean the agony of head and stomach we endured during this first attempt at manly enjoyments. I remember how we saw each other getting paler and paler, how our caps distressed us, how our neckties seemed to choke us, and how a cold perspiration broke out, how we hung limp and feeble over the fence, and how we finally lay upon the grass thinking that our last moments were approaching.

We did not any of us die, however, and in my case at least much good was accomplished. My ambitious views were checked, and I never could bear the smell of tobacco for full ten years.

There is plenty of evidence to show that the use of tobacco by boys at the time when they ought to be growing absolutely stunts their growth. It undoubtedly hurts their digestion. Dr. Hammond says that tobacco impairs both sight and hearing, and that he has seen several instances of boys having their eyes seriously, if not incurably, injured by smoking.

It should always be borne in mind that many things which a full-grown man can do without hurting himself may be very harmful to the growing boy, who requires all his powers to promote his physical development. I therefore do not say, "Take a vow never to touch tobacco," but I do say, "Never touch it until you are old enough to know whether you can use it without injury to yourself."

Whenever you hear anybody speaking in praise of tobacco, you must remember he is speaking of tobacco and not of cheap cigars. "Young man," said an old smoker, "that cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and proprionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, pyrodine, virodine, and cabbagine, and burdockic acid."

The old gentleman was laying it on too heavy, perhaps, for even a bad cigar. He was not exaggerating, however, if he was speaking of the modern cigarette. The cigarettes now sold in every cigar store and in every street consist chiefly of bad paper, bad tobacco, and dirt. Many of them contain worse ingredients, such as opium. The effect they produce when used immoderately is much worse than any results of tobacco smoking.

In the famous Polytechnic School of France, the difference between the pupils who smoked cigarettes and those who did not was so marked that the use of tobacco was prohibited in all government schools. At the Naval School at Annapolis, Commodore Parker was so struck with the evil that he consulted Dr. Hammond in regard to it. The doctor's reply was that he had no doubt that the smoking of cigarettes was injurious to the cadets, for he had constant evidence of the fact in his private practice.

The paper in which the cheap tobacco is rolled for cigarettes is of poor quality, producing empyreumatic oil, which contains creosote in large quantities. The odor they give out is ranker, fouler, and more acrid than that from a clay pipe. From a cigar to a cigarette the descent is from the sublime to the ridiculous.

We are not talking, however, about smoking in general, but about this modern fashion of cigarette smoking by boys. It is far worse than pipes or cigars. One old smoker who dropped into poetry occasionally wrote,

"Smoke not, ingenuous youth, or if you do,
I recommend clay pipes and 'honey-dew.'"

I would prefer to say, "Smoke not at all, my ingenuous boy; but whatever you do, smoke no cigarettes." The nicotine will hurt your nervous system, and by weakening the action of the heart will diminish the force of the circulation of the blood. Your hands will begin to tremble, your memory to be affected. You will not be able to enjoy or take part in a good honest out-of-doors game. You will lose your appetite, as well as weaken your brain.

Apart from the inferior quality of the tobacco from which cigarettes are made, the method of smoking them is the most injurious possible. The smoke, whether inhaled or blown out through the nostrils, produces dryness in the fine membrane which lines the mouth, the speaking apparatus at the head of the windpipe becomes enfeebled, and the voice loses the sweetness and liquidity of its tones. "Every boy," writes Dr. Sayre, "who desires to become an orator should never smoke a cigarette."

And now last but not least, cigarette smoking makes you look ridiculous, as it shows at once that you are a novice, and do not know good tobacco from bad.

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PRESENT STATUS AND PROSPECTS OF THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
*Present status and prospects of the
Peace Movement*, by Bertha von Süttner



BY BARONESS BERTHA VON SÜTTNER.

Letters of condolence and of cynicism come to my desk in these latter days in increasing number. There is a note of triumph and of mockery in one group: "What has become of the famous Peace idea? The South African war, following immediately upon the close of the Peace Conference at The Hague, has not yet reached its end, and already the horizon in Eastern Asia is lurid with the glare of a world-war. Are you convinced now of the absurdity of your claims, ye dreamers of peace?" Through the second group runs an undertone of commiseration: "What suffering must have come to you, honored madame, and to your friends, in seeing your beautiful illusion shattered. Sad, sad; but thus it is. War is an historic law, and your ideals are simply—ideals. You will have to reef your sails in the face of such a storm of facts."

It is true that a feebly manned boat cannot battle against storm and surf. But the simile ill fits the effort to establish peace. That is no

boat; it is a rock. The waves may top it with their wrathful spume, but naught can affect its granite permanence.

Let me set aside metaphor and reply to my correspondents. Let me endeavor to show them the point of view from which the advocates of peace regard the present condition of the world, and the nature of the duties and prospects, the hopes and self-denials to be descried therefrom.

In the first place, we admit candidly that we have been mistaken; not, however, in the principles we have enunciated, but in our estimate of present culture. We had regarded public conscience as being permeated by a longing for international right and by an abhorrence of despotism to a greater degree than the facts of the case warrant.

The warlike events that surge about us and threaten us furnish no proof against the principles of the peace movement. They merely prove that these principles have not yet entered fully into the conscience of nations and of their leaders; that the movement is not yet sufficiently advanced in its spread, its organization, its methods of action, to verify the hopes fostered by the conference at The Hague for an early eradication of old, deeply-rooted institutions of brute force. In other words, we have been mistaken, not in the fundamental statements we have made, but in the conception that they were more widely accepted than they have proved to be.

These truths remain: (1.) Culture is synonymous with the repression of brute force; (2.) Nations are oppressed by their brazen breast-plate, and, if its weight increases, they will be crushed by it; (3.) Right relations are as possible between nations as they have gradually been proven to be between individuals, tribes, boroughs, cities and provinces; (4.) The abolition of war as a legal institution of human society, when such abolition is made a matter of principle, will result in undreamed-of increase of material wealth and moral elevation. All these truths, and many theories begotten of them, have not lost an iota of their logical content and of their blessed potentiality from the fact that foolish humanity, through its most powerful agents, government, church and press, still emphasizes dogmas opposed to them.

The advocates of peace maintain their principles. Not only so; they do not rest from their labors; they will not allow the results thus far obtained to slip from their grasp. The institutions created at The Hague, despite the resistance of bellicose Powers, are faithfully guarded by those who helped to create them. The Interparliamentary

Union, now in session at Paris, has assumed the task of popularizing, developing and executing the Articles of The Hague. Their co-operators in England continue to protest against the South African war and the subjugation of the Boers, in spite of the supercilious jingoism of government and of the hypnosis of the masses. The Social Democrats, the Ethicists—men of independent tendencies, all of them—lift up warning voices against the fever of Imperialism in general, and specifically against the reckless love of adventure which first scents loot and then seeks revenge in expeditions against a country with four hundred million peace-loving inhabitants.

To save, to save, to avert universal war—that is the purpose for which the enemies of war will strive untiringly until the very last moment. If their strength be insufficient, where shall we place the blame? The fault is not theirs. It rests with the millions of their contemporaries, who, though at heart they desire the same result, yet turn away in contempt or apathy from those who are laboring for it, instead of aiding these labors by the weight that lies in the consensus of the masses. With those who ignore, suspect and belittle the work of peace—even in cases where that work has brought about positive results, where it has matured practical propositions—instead of co-operating with sincere workers in their elaborations of these propositions and enforcing them with opponents—with those must the fault lie.

Great changes come to pass slowly, but in times like the present, when upheavals are fierce and dangers lie near, it might be hoped that swifter advances should be made in the conflict between the new and the old. Just as, immediately before the vote was taken on the Heinze law, a group of devoted men was formed to oppose that measure, which succeeded in defeating it, so, in the face of the present conspicuous and overwhelming manifestation of the principle of brute force, the friends of right might resolutely band themselves together, and, with shields upraised, declare a crusade for the liberation of politics from the thralldom of that immoral tradition.

Possibly the hope that such a step could be taken might again involve an over-estimate of our contemporaries. What matters it? Kant said: "Man cannot think too highly of man," and it is better to have erred in this direction than, by lukewarm doubt, to have condoned the fault of those here criticised.

What we see happening to-day furnishes proof, furnishes wonderfully objective illustrations and experimental demonstrations, not against, but in favor of our doctrines.

In the first place, let us consider the war in the Transvaal. True, it broke out immediately after the conference at The Hague, and in despite of the principles of arbitration and of mediation there announced, and subscribed to even by England herself. Yet it was no triumph for the dogma of the necessity of war; it was rather a triumph for the _advocates_ of war. For our opponents, in giving voice to the slogan, "The South African war and the Chinese horrors were the direct result of the conference," commit—purposely, without a doubt—the blunder of confusing sequence in time with sequence of cause and effect. It is the familiar, senseless, exploded, "_Post hoc, ergo propter hoc_"

Seeds which lay slumbering in the world's soil long before the conference at The Hague sprouted in these two instances. For all that the conference itself could achieve was not in the nature of a harvest, but merely a sowing of seed.

The newly created institutions are not yet in operation, their spirit has not yet become incarnate in the flesh and blood of the nations, of potentates, of the press. And Mr. Chamberlain was able to accomplish his purpose, in spite of the pleading of Krüger for arbitration, even unto the last minute. Every intermediation was refused, and none was honestly and earnestly considered.

Several European rulers, who, as their panegyrists maintain, are soldiers, body and soul, had no desire to restrain the arm of England; they wished Queen Victoria success and noted the progress of the war with semi-joyous interest. But with the people of non-English countries there was pronounced opposition to this war; there was a manifestation of the very thing whereof we dream as a foundation of an alliance of European States, namely, a European conscience. This conscience rose in rebellion against the fact that a war of conquest should be waged in this our day; that a great country should seek to subjugate small, free republics. From every side came protests, petitions, actions of various sorts, to move the English to call a halt in this war. In England itself the peace party untiringly made remonstrances in this direction. The deeply rooted sentiment, "My country, right or wrong," had to give way to a sense of justice deeper still, and, as boldly as Zola and Picquart entered the lists against the General Staff, even so boldly did noted Englishmen battle against the imperialistic ministry of their native land. Ten years ago these things would not have happened. Neither Europe nor America would have opposed this war so determinedly; still less possibility would there have been of so powerful a counter-current as arose in England itself. All these things are symptoms of the new

spirit.

But, in spite of the sentiment of the nations, the various governments have refrained from any peace-making intervention; and in London this attitude has been regarded as the correct one. But it was correct according to ancient standards only; it was in direct contravention to the new lines officially marked out at The Hague.

The progress of the war in the Transvaal has shown, forcibly and terribly, what a false relation the possible advantages of war bear to its positive disadvantages. Fifty thousand of her youth, healthy and vigorous youth, has England lost in the past ten months; sixty-one million pounds sterling of her national wealth have been wasted; the respect and sympathy of the world have been recklessly sacrificed; the character of the nation has been brutalized by the passions aroused, and freedom, the pride of the British people, freedom of speech, as well as freedom of the individual, has been imperilled, for even now the spectre of conscription is raising its head. The fruits of half a century of national education have been destroyed in this one attack of war-fever. And in place of the great, submarine Channel-tunnel already planned, the fortification of Dover has been begun. India is devastated by a famine, and the money wasted in South Africa for the destruction of human life might have saved the famished ones.

And the end, the "bitter end," of this campaign is not yet. There are no more decisive battles fought nowadays, even where one side has overwhelming force. There is nothing now save mutual extermination of the troops in the field, devastation of the land in which the combat takes place, cessation of commerce, danger of further complications and the carrying of infectious diseases into other lands.

The reports of Mr. Burdett-Coutts in the House of Commons in reference to the horrible condition of the sick and wounded in South Africa are a confirmation of what the advocates of peace have constantly voiced, namely, that, with our present means of destruction and our present methods of warfare, sanitation is an illusion.

And then came the news of the insurrection of the Boxers and the massacres of the missionaries in China. This, too, is the harvest of seed sown in Europe in these latter years. Apart from the fact that hatred of strangers is a barbarism, concerning which we lack the right to grow indignant so long as the story of anti-Semitic riots and expulsion of foreigners has a place upon European annals, everything was done by Europeans in China to arouse a righteous hatred of foreigners

there. Dogmas and wares have been thrust upon the Chinese; there has been contemptuous treatment, appropriation of territory, open declarations as to the partition of China, backed by plans for the building of fleets. And running side by side with these things, in constant confirmation of mercenary greed and of militarism, with an inherent, blind tendency to expansion, the peaceable, non-military Empire was supplied with guns and cannons from our own factories and with instructors from our barracks.

Well, what matters it? No one cares to bother with the intricately interwoven network of origins and causes back of it all. Here were we faced by facts—a country in wild uproar, the government overthrown or in league with the rebels against foreigners, the legations bombarded, Ketteler murdered—such facts require action.

Here the opponents of the peace movement seem to be in the right. Surely, it is impossible to quietly look on while such things are happening; there is no opportunity for arbitration. What is there left but war? Is not that in some cases the only resource, the “_ultima ratio_?” Now, are ye convinced, ye dreamers, that conditions may at any time arise which will force upon men a resort to arms? Therefore there must be no cessation of armaments, no relaxation in the cultivation of a warlike spirit. Confess that you are beaten, that you have no answer.

Nay, but we do answer. As a well-ordered State maintains a police force to execute the decrees of its judges, to secure robbers and maniacs, to overpower mobs that throw stones and apply torches, to protect those who are persecuted by violence, so would an alliance of Culture-States, such as we contemplate, require an armed force to serve international right as an executive power. Power in the service of the right differs essentially from the power which pronounces all its decisions and purposes to be right. The individuals of a community are not as yet so virtuous, so rational, and so reliable as to render unnecessary every kind of protection and punishment. It is the same with nations. The nations of the earth are not as yet so cultured and so peaceable that a union of nations could exist without a tribunal or an armed force.

What has come to pass before our eyes? Spontaneously, without previous agreement, all nations decided to hurry their ships and troops to the relief of those whose lives were in danger; to punish the criminals, to restore order in the convulsed Empire of China; to re-establish organized government there. And since such an enterprise can succeed only when it is undertaken unanimously, there was suddenly formed a “world army,” a confraternity of previously antagonistic nations, to

battle side by side in the name of civilization against an outburst of barbarism. Thus has the impulse of events begun the realization of that fundamental requirement urged by the advocates of the peace movement from the very first—unanimity among the Culture-States, a comradeship of co-operation, a setting aside of conflicting individual rights in the service of a higher solidarity of interest.

This solidarity of interest has now been recognized in the face of the Chinese danger. We recognized it long ago in the face of the danger of militarism. The threatened world-war, the ruin that impended, seemed to us such an abomination of barbarism, and the prevention of that calamity so imperative a duty of civilization, that conflicts of interest and all little bickerings and minor contentions might well be set aside.

A campaign carried on with a common mind and for a common purpose, such as that undertaken in China, would not have been prevented if it had been preceded by a cessation of further armaments, as suggested by Russia at The Hague, or even by a decided reduction of the standing armies. For—let my readers note carefully this fact—the “Culture-Army,” the police of international civilization, needs but be composed of a small but representative section of the various nations. The entire available force of Europe, America and Japan could not be sent to China at present, at any rate. When arms are used in the service of right only, the power of such police, or, instead of police—for the word has an unpleasant sound—let us say of such a knighthood of culture, would be overwhelming. For crime—within the limits of a civilized community this holds true as well—is usually committed by single individuals or small bands. It is the same among nations. If questions of common morals arose, whose validity is recognized as of interest to all, every single disturber of the peace, every single tyrant, every single land-grabber would be resisted in the execution of his purpose and would be punished by all. Had all civilized nations hastened to the aid of the Armenians,[1] had they all advised Spain to relinquish Cuba, or hindered America in its desire to subjugate the Philippines; had they all insisted that England must listen to Krüger’s proposals for arbitration, the cruelties and conflicts of the latest slaughters of multitudes could have been avoided. Different nations can advance with united purpose against a common danger, and they can do so by means of the very elements that otherwise support and foster antagonism, namely, by means of their armies. Twice has this been demonstrated; once not long ago in Crete, and now in China. The German Kaiser could command the troops he sent to Eastern Asia to fight shoulder to shoulder with Frenchmen, Russians and Japanese. And it has been possible to appoint one general for this international army.

Footnote 1:

Let it not be objected that a “man’s house is his castle,” and that interference with internal affairs is excluded with nations as it is with individuals. Massacres are not internal affairs. If one man throws down another in my neighbor’s house and is preparing to kill him, and the victim’s cries reach my ears, it is not a breach of the peace if I hasten to help him or call the police.

The possibility that all Culture-States can enter into an alliance, though contested by our opponents, has been proven in fact. Humanity is forced into solidarity by normal evolution along the lines of natural law. What the force of circumstances has brought about could have been accomplished by free will and design, and, so accomplished, it would have been more systematically done, and would have rested upon more secure foundations.

And now, no one has faith in the present casual and transient coalition, and many prophesy that the Powers will quarrel over China, and that the long-dreaded world-conflict will arise in consequence. This, too, is used as an argument against us. “A concert? Unanimity? The slightest disturbance unhinges it all. Rivalry is aroused. No one Power is willing to grant the other a privilege or an advantage. When the coalition campaign has reached its end, or even before that, conflicting interests will assert themselves and the European war will be upon us.”

True, that war will break out, if there be no forum for the settlement of chance contentions, a forum which, by common agreement, would adjust all differences. Everything goes to prove how necessary such a forum is. The sad fact that it is not as yet in operation surely does not militate, in the least, against the possibility or the utility of the establishment of such a tribunal. The foundation of it was laid at The Hague. That it is generally ignored demonstrates the fact that militarism struggles against an institution which would undermine war.

The question, “How in the world do you propose to prevent war in the face of the present upheaval in China?” has been thus answered by Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, Corresponding Secretary of the American Peace Society:

“We have been asked how we would have settled the present trouble in China without war. That is as if one were to ask how we would prevent a fire when the flames were already bursting from all the windows. The

settlement of the trouble by us without war would have required, first of all, that it be turned over to us for settlement, or that the powers involved in it would agree conscientiously to follow, in their efforts at adjustment, the principles and methods which we might suggest. The utter impossibility of either of these contingencies in the case of the trouble with China shows the thoughtlessness of the question.

“The time to have begun the pacific settlement of the difficulty was many years ago. Given certain conditions, practices and beliefs, such as have for a long time existed in the relations of the other countries to China, and war or something like it was inevitable. No advocate of peace has ever been simple enough to imagine that war can be avoided when every condition leading to good understanding and peace has been neglected or trampled under foot.”

Another point steadily maintained by the advocates of peace and denied by their adversaries has come clearly to light in these latter days, namely, that wars are instigated and brought to their culmination by certain influential men without the slightest reference to the people, to parliaments or to the choicest spirits of the nations. What has been decided upon by the powers that be, what has been mapped out by “Cabinets,” is promulgated as an accomplished fact, approved by the chorus of a servile press, and, if it can be made sensational, cheered by an enthusiastic mob. How necessary that every land should have a ministry of peace, an official organism representing the interests of peace, under whose protection that portion of public opinion which is averse to war might make itself heard. How essential an independent, ethically elevated press, conscious of the duty growing out of its power, the duty to guide the people in the way of unity, of conciliation, of a just consideration of both sides of a quarrel—in short, in the way of peace, the only way worthy of civilization and culture. The opposite is true. The political press, in a ponderous majority, is to-day a forge for the heating of the irons of war.

Current events reveal the fact that our system is not being put in practice, but they reveal no flaws or contradictions in the system itself, for it has none. Without a flaw or contradiction it harmonizes with the law of evolution. The new age—with its advance in technical inventions (with especial reference to the possibility of the slaughter of masses), with its ties of international solidarity, its reciprocal economic interdependencies, its sublimated ethical requirements—has outgrown the system of war, and outgrows it more and more daily. This truth is set forth, as it were, in an object-lesson in the rush of

action upon the stage of the world's theatre. On the other hand, take the war in the Transvaal. What economic losses (to say nothing of the moral loss) to England and to the rest of the world has it involved; and the end of the war is not yet in sight, in spite of the fact that England outnumbers her adversaries ten to one. That war and the Chinese problem both show that the nations are being mechanically driven to the position which the advocates of peace have suggested as the only one that can be taken as a result of the exercise of free will and rationality, namely, coalition, surrender of secondary specific interests and contentions for the sake of a higher common interest, of culture and humanity, and the creation of a "world army."

The position into which the Powers are mechanically forced, which in its external form seems to adjust itself to the demands of the peace idea, is not yet permeated by the _spirit_ of the idea; not yet based upon the firm groundwork of institutions of peace. It is filled with militarism, confused with military projects and national antagonisms.

The contrast between war and culture is more definitely set forth than could be done in volumes of essays and of peace literature in the addresses and newspaper articles which accompany the sending forth of the "Army of Humanity." The emphasis placed upon the help of God, upon the religion of love and of tenderness, and the synchronous emphasis placed upon revenge and threats of horrors, have never been in so glaring a contrast. A clinging to old ideals of force, reference to the thought that, a thousand years _hence_, one member of the human family shall tremble before another, as men did a thousand years _ago_ under the lash of Attila; the recommendation on the part of various journals of methods of retaliation savoring of the wildest of savagery, the slaughter of masses of men, desecration of sanctuaries and graves, etc., and all these proposed as a means of spreading civilization; all this must needs be recognized by the world at large as strident dissonance.

And what has brought the world to this recognition? The principles of the peace movement. Denied as they are, they have sunk deep into the conscience of the age. The community of interests in the world has also had its share in effecting this result. This has reached such a degree that a change from conditions of might to conditions of right has become a positive necessity, an essential of life. What stands revealed in the peace movement is not the dream of supramundane fancy, but a manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation in civilization.

BERTHA VON SÜTTNER.

“_IN TERRA PAX._”

BY G. LEVESON GOWER.

War in men's mouths, peace through the spring-clad land;
Hate in men's hearts, and love in God's high heaven;
Yet in the mass already works the leaven,
And in the nations some cry, "Hold your hand,
Ye Peoples! Turn not Earth into a hell!"
Already breaks the light when some can see
The change to come, the order new to be,
And, seeing evil, will not say, "'Tis well!"
O! for some high tribunal of the world
Where arms are stilled and equal law bears sway,
The strong aggressor from his vantage hurled,
The wronged upheld in the full light of day!
Then shall the Earth at rest yield glad increase,
And through all seas and every land be Peace!

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THE DAY OF A RESTAURANT WORKER.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
Behind the scenes in a restaurant, by
The Consumers' League of New York City

The day of a restaurant worker does not begin with her arrival at the restaurant nor end when she leaves. Half of these women live at a distance, taking thirty minutes or more to reach their place of employment. When this extra hour spent in going to and from work is added to a twelve hour day, it is a factor to be reckoned with. It means cutting off an already insufficient night's rest, and, when a girl cannot afford carfare, a weary walk home after being on her feet all day. Nor is this all. Only a few of the best-paid waitresses can afford to pay for the laundering of their aprons and uniforms. Consequently this must be done by the girl herself, adding another burden to a load already too

heavy.

The law requires that girls in factories and stores have at least one-half hour off for luncheon. This does not apply to restaurant workers. The “one-meal” girls eat before and after serving, but the majority of the “two-meal” and full-time girls have no time at all for meals. They must eat when they can snatch a moment from their work. There were many complaints of indigestion and loss of appetite from the workers as a result of haste and irregularity in taking their meals. One girl remarked, “You’re glad to grab ’em any way you can round here,” and another said, “It’s a wonder more girls aren’t dead, the way they eat all of a rush. Often the smell of food all the time takes away my appetite so I can’t eat any way.”

A regular time off for meals would be of great benefit to the worker not only in allowing her to eat quietly and comfortably, but in giving her a little rest. In some restaurants after the noon rush is over the girls can sit down and do “side-work,” folding napkins, polishing silver, filling salt-cellars, etc. The greater number of girls, however, have no so-called “idle time.” They must be on their job continuously. In other restaurants the girls work on a “split trick,” that is, they have one or two hours off in the afternoon. This is a very unpopular arrangement. Not only does it keep them out late in the evening, but they cannot use their free time to good advantage. There is little opportunity for recreation or social intercourse during these hours because they come in the morning or afternoon when the girls’ friends are all at work. Nor is there ordinarily time for fresh air and exercise, especially in the case of the kitchen workers. A waitress usually has only to take off her apron to be ready for the street, but the other women have not time to change to street clothes and back again in their free period. They stay in the hot kitchen because no other place is provided.

Up at six, away at 6:30, home at 8 o’clock at night worn out by the wear and tear of twelve hours’ toil, a dress and an apron to be washed and ironed for tomorrow—after a day like this, what spirit or strength is left to a girl for play and the friendly relations that safeguard her from moral danger? It is a significant fact that with few exceptions the restaurant worker is not known to settlements and girls’ clubs. She does not share the group interests and social life open to other working girls. Neither does she make friends with her fellow-workers—the spring and vitality needed to win and establish friendships has been lost under the deadening effect of overwork.

According to Miss Mary Van Kleeck’s estimate in her study of “Working

Girls in Evening Schools," less than one per cent. of those attending were restaurant workers. They simply have not the physical strength for outside activities and interests. Time after time in answer to the question "What do you do in the evening?" came the reply, "Oh, I go right to bed." One girl, who left the work because of broken health, said, "If I went out in the evening I'd be sick the next day, and the boss would say I couldn't expect to do good work if I stayed out late at night."

The report on restaurants of the Chicago Juvenile Protective Association, emphasizes a truth too much ignored when it says: "The entire investigation revealed once more the hideous risks of the excessively fatigued and overworked girl, who is able to obtain the rest and comfort she craves only through illicit channels." [6]

[Illustration: Restaurant Kitchen Opening on Row of Toilets.

Loaned by the Tenement House Department of the City of New York.]

NIGHT WORK AND ONE DAY'S REST IN SEVEN.

Although the number of women employed in restaurants at night is not great, night work in this occupation is a factor to be seriously considered. The restaurants which employ women at night are the small establishments in the tenement districts of the city where hours are longest and surroundings most trying; the cheaper restaurants in the theatre districts where the employment of women is an added attraction to after-the-theatre supper parties; and restaurants in railway stations which are necessarily open all night.

The law makes it illegal to employ women in factories and mercantile establishments between 10 p. m. and 6 a. m. The reasons which caused the state to exercise its police power to safeguard the health and morals of these classes of workers apply equally to the employment of women in restaurants. The very fact that only four per cent. of the workers interviewed were employed at night proves that night work for women in restaurants is not a necessary evil. That it is an evil is beyond question.

The dangers of night work are two-fold. First, it is a distinct menace to the health of the worker. The Factory Investigating Commission in its Report to the Legislature for 1913, states: "The chief danger to health from night work is ... due to the inevitable lack of sleep and sunlight. Recuperation from fatigue takes place fully only in sleep,

and best in sleep at night. Hence night work is, in a word, against nature. This injury to health is all the greater because sleep lost at night by working women is never fully made up by day. For, in the first place, sleep in the day time is not equal in recuperative power to sleep at night.... Moreover, quiet and privacy for sleep by day is almost impossible to secure. Upon returning home in the middle of the night or at dawn the workers can snatch at most only a few hours' rest."

Often a woman will have one week of night work alternating with a week of work in the day time. She hardly gets accustomed to sleeping by day when she is taken off the night shift, to change back again at the end of the week. Thus it is impossible for her to form regular habits in sleeping and eating.

Secondly, there is a grave moral danger involved in night work, especially for restaurant workers since at this time they are open to the attentions of an undesirable class of men. "I don't like to work at night," one young waitress said. "The men are always fresher to girls at night than in the day time. Perhaps it's because so many of those gamblers come in drunk." Nor is it safe for a woman to go home alone after twelve o'clock at night. Instances of hideous occurrences are familiar to everyone. A little widow, the mother of seven children, told the investigator that she had given up her work as a dishwasher for this very reason. A friend of hers working in a nearby restaurant, was set upon, robbed and killed on her way home from work late one night. "I changed my work then," said the woman, "for what would the children do if anything happened to me?"

The majority of restaurants employ men for night duty. It is evident, therefore, that the employment of women is not essential to the convenience and comfort of either restaurant owners or customers.

In nearly every branch of industry the working week is six days long. It is universally conceded that there must be one day in the seven for rest and relaxation if men and women are to give their best service. With restaurant workers, thirty-three per cent. of whom have no day of rest in seven, the need for such a time is particularly great because of the long working day. Otherwise they have no opportunity for a thorough rest and the poisons of fatigue are not thrown off. If these poisons are not eliminated, they accumulate in the system and finally result in physical breakdown.

And not only is this free day important on the score of health, but it is also the time for recreation and the strengthening of family ties. For

the girl who has no leisure, no time for real relaxation and play, there is only a starved and empty existence. A woman who has no opportunity to be with and to know her children, who must leave them to the care of friends or a day nursery or the street, who has no day in the week to be at home with them, can hardly be a potent factor in shaping their lives. She suffers and so do the children, and the stability of such a family life is at best uncertain. One woman said, "If I get a half day off on Sunday to be with my children, it makes me happy all the week."



Wells

THE POSSIBLE BREAKDOWN OF CIVILIZATION

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Washington and the Riddle of Peace, by
H. G. (Herbert George) Wells

Washington, November 26.

In a previous paper I have set out the plain facts of the condition of Central and Eastern Europe. It is a break-up of the modern civilization system, due to the smashing up of money, without which organized town life, factory production, education and systematic communications are unworkable. If it goes on unchecked to its natural conclusion, Central and Eastern Europe will follow Russia to a condition in which the towns will be dying or dead, empty and ruinous, the railroads passing out of use, and in which few people will be left alive except uneducated and degenerating peasants and farmers, growing their own food and keeping a rough order among themselves in their own fashion. We are faced, indeed with a return to barbarism over all these areas. They are going back to the conditions of rural Asia Minor or the Balkans.

How far is this degeneration going to spread?

Let us recognize at once that it need spread no further. It is not an inevitable process. It could be arrested, it could be turned back and a rapid restoration of our shattered civilization could be set going right away if the leading powers of the world, sinking their political ambitions for a time, could meet frankly to work out a bankruptcy arrangement that would release the impoverished nations from debt and give them again a valid money, a stable money with a trustworthy exchange value, that could be accepted with confidence and saved without deterioration. Upon that things could be set going again quite hopefully. Education has not so degenerated as yet, habits of work and trading and intercourse are still strong enough to make such a recovery possible.

Except perhaps in Russia. Russia, for all we know, may have sunken very deep.

But if there is no vigorous world effort made soon the trading class, the foreman class, the technically educated class, the professional class, the teachers, and so forth, will have been broken up and dispersed. These classes are comparatively easy to destroy, extremely hard to reconstruct. Modern civilization will really have been destroyed, if not for good, for a long period, over great areas if these classes go.

And the process is at present still spreading rapidly. If it gets Germany—and it seems to be getting Germany—then Italy may follow. Italy is linked very closely to Germany economically and financially. The death of Germany will chill the economic blood of Italy. Italy is passionately anxious to disarm on land and sea. But Italy cannot disarm while France maintains a great army and makes great naval preparations. France's refusal to disarm prevents Italy from disarming. The lira sways and sinks; its value fluctuates not perhaps so widely as do marks and kronen but much too widely for healthy industrial life and social security. And Italy is troubled by its restless nationalists, a whooping flag-waving crew of posturing adventurers without foresight or any genuine love of country. If nothing is done, I think I would give Germany about six months and North Italy two years before a revolutionary collapse occurs.

And France?

This new rhetorical France which remains heavily armed while no man

threatens, which builds new ships to fight non-existent German armies and guards itself against the threats of long dead German Generals—one of M. Briand's hair-raising quotations is to be found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica and must be nearly twenty years stale—the renascent France which jostles against Italy and England and believes that it can humbug America for good and all while it does these things, will it pull through amid the general disaster of Europe? Will it achieve its manifest ambition and remain dominant in Europe, the dominance of the last survivor, the cock upon the dunghill of a general decay? I doubt it.

Watch the franc upon the exchange as the true meaning of the French search for “security” dawns upon the world. Watch the subscription to the next French loan to pay for more submarines and more Senegalese. It may prove to be too difficult a feat, after all, for France to wreck the rest of Europe, to destroy her commerce by destroying her customers, and yet to save herself. When France begins to break, she may break very quickly. Under the surface of this exuberant French patriotism runs a deep tide of Communism, raw and red and insanely logical.

We talk of the saner, graver France, the substantial France, that is masked by the rhetoric of M. Briand and the flag-waving French nationalists, of a France generous enough to help a fallen foe and great enough to think of the welfare of mankind. I wish we could hear more of that saner France. And soon. I can see nothing but a warlike orator, empty and mischievous, leading France and all Europe to destruction. I do not see that it is possible for a France of armaments and adventures to dance along the edge of the abyss without falling in.

When we pass out of the Continental to the Atlantic system and consider the case of Britain we find a country with a stabler exchange and a tradition of social give and take stronger and deeper than that of any other country in Europe. But she is not a self-maintaining country. Her millions live very largely on overseas trade. She is helplessly dependent upon the prosperity of other countries, and particularly of Europe; the ebb of prosperity abroad means ebb for her at home. No other country feels so acutely the economic prostration of Germany; no other country suffers so greatly from the restless activities of France. She is struggling along now with unprecedented masses of unemployed workers, and the state of affairs abroad offers no hope of any diminution of this burden. The housing of her great population has degenerated greatly since the war began; she cannot continue to feed, clothe nor educate her people as she used to do unless the decay of Continental Europe is arrested.

I do not know what political form of expression a great distress in Britain might take. The tendency toward revolutionary violence is not very evident in the British temperament, but people who are slow to move are often slow to stop. The slow violence of the English might not find expression in revolution and might not expend itself internally. They might get resentful about France—and perhaps Germany might be feeling resentful about France too. But I will confess that I cannot yet imagine what an acutely distressed Britain might or might not do. Yet it is plain to me that the shadow that lies so dark over Petrograd stretches as far as London.

Such, compactly, is the condition of Europe today. I submit to the reader that it is a fair statement of facts in common knowledge. This is not the Europe of the diplomatists and publicists; it is the Europe of reality and the common man. It is a process of decline and fall going on under our eyes, swifter and more extensive than the decline and fall of the Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries. Its immediate cause is the destruction of the monetary system under the burden of war expenditure and war debts. And the only possible hope that it may be arrested lies in a prompt and vigorous world conference to put an end to war expenditures, including even these French war expenditures that M. Briand's admirers find so justifiable; to extinguish debts and reinstate stable and trustworthy money in the world.

There is no evidence yet that the Washington Conference will take up this task or will even contemplate this task. I find myself in the trough of the waves today and less confident of the outcome, even the limited outcome, of things here. I am increasingly doubtful whether the conference will get as far in the direction of a stabilized Pacific as I hoped a few days ago.

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THE GREENWOOD TREE.

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Science in Arcady, by Grant Allen

It is a common, not to say a vulgar error, to believe that trees and plants grow out of the ground. And of course, having thus begun by calling it bad names, I will not for a moment insult the intelligence of my readers by supposing them to share so foolish a delusion. I beg to state from the outset that I write this article entirely for the benefit of Other People. You and I, O proverbially Candid and Intelligent One, it need hardly be said, are better informed. But Other People fall into such ridiculous blunders that it is just as well to put them on their guard beforehand against the insidious advance of false opinions. I have known otherwise good and estimable men, indeed, who for lack of sound early teaching on this point went to their graves with a confirmed belief in the terrestrial origin of all earthly vegetation. They were probably victims of what the Church in its succinct way describes and denounces as Invincible Ignorance.

Now, the reason why these deluded creatures supposed trees to grow out of the ground, instead of out of the air, is probably only because they saw their roots there.

Of course, when people see a wallflower rooted in the clefts of some old church tower, they don't jump at once to the inane conclusion that it is made of rock--that it derives its nourishment direct from the solid limestone; nor when they observe a barnacle hanging by its sucker to a ship's hull, do they imagine it to draw up its food incontinently from the copper bottom. But when they see that familiar pride of our country, a British oak, with its great underground buttresses spreading abroad through the soil in every direction, they infer at once that the buttresses are there, not--as is really the case--to support it and uphold it, but to drink in nutriment from the earth beneath, which is just about as capable of producing oak-wood as the copper plate on the ship's hull is capable of producing the flesh of a barnacle. Sundry familiar facts about manuring and watering, to which I will return later on, give a certain colour of reasonableness, it is true, to this mistaken inference. But how mistaken it really is for all that, a single and very familiar little experiment will easily show one.

Cut down that British oak with your Gladstonian axe; lop him of his branches; divide him into logs; pile him up into a pyramid; put a match to his base; in short, make a bonfire of him; and what becomes of

robust majesty? He is reduced to ashes, you say. Ah, yes, but what proportion of him? Conduct your experiment carefully on a small scale; dry your wood well, and weigh it before burning; weigh your ash afterwards, and what will you find? Why, that the solid matter which remains after the burning is a mere infinitesimal fraction of the total weight: the greater part has gone off into the air, from whence it came, as carbonic acid. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but air to air, too, is the rule of nature.

It may sound startling--to Other People, I mean--but the simple truth remains, that trees and plants grow out of the atmosphere, not out of the ground. They are, in fact, solidified air; or to be more strictly correct, solidified gas--carbonic acid.

Take an ordinary soda-water syphon, with or without a wine-glassful of brandy, and empty it till only a few drops remain in the bottom. Then the bottle is full of gas; and that gas, which will rush out with a spurt when you press the knob, is the stuff that plants eat--the raw material of life, both animal and vegetable. The tree grows and lives by taking in the carbonic acid from the air, and solidifying its carbon; the animal grows and lives by taking the solidified carbon from the plant, and converting it once more into carbonic acid. That, in its ideally simple form, is the Iliad in a nutshell, the core and kernel of biology. The whole cycle of life is one eternal see-saw. First the plant collects its carbon compounds from the air in the oxidized state; it deoxidizes and rebuilds them: and then the animal proceeds to burn them up by slow combustion within his own body, and to turn them loose upon the air, once more oxidized. After which the plant starts again on the same round as before, and the animal also recommences _da capo_. And so on _ad infinitum_.

But the point which I want particularly to emphasize here is just this: that trees and plants don't grow out of the ground at all, as most people do vainly talk, but directly out of the air; and that when they die or get consumed, they return once more to the atmosphere from which they were taken. Trees undeniably eat carbon.

Of course, therefore, all the ordinary unscientific conceptions of how plants feed are absolutely erroneous. Vegetable physiology, indeed, got beyond these conceptions a good hundred years ago. But it usually takes a hundred years for the world at large to make up its leeway. Trees don't suck up their nutriment by the roots, they don't derive their food from the soil, they don't need to be fed, like babies through a tube, with terrestrial solids. The solitary instance of an orchid hung

up by a string in a conservatory on a piece of bark, ought to be sufficient at once to dispel for ever this strange illusion--if people ever thought; but of course they don't think--I mean Other People. The true mouths and stomachs of plants are not to be found in the roots, but in the green leaves; their true food is not sucked up from the soil, but is inhaled through tiny channels from the air; the mass of their material is carbon, as we can all see visibly to the naked eye when a log of wood is reduced to charcoal: and that carbon the leaves themselves drink in, by a thousand small green mouths, from the atmosphere around them.

But how about the juice, the sap, the qualities of the soil, the manure required? is the incredulous cry of Other People. What is the use of the roots, and especially of the rootlets, if they are not the mouths and supply-tubes of the plants? Well, I plainly perceive I can get 'no forrarder,' like the farmer with his claret, till I've answered that question, provisionally at least; so I will say here at once, without further ado--the plant requires drink as well as food, and the roots are the mouths that supply it with water. They also suck up a few other things as well, which are necessary indeed, but far from forming the bulk of the nutriment. Many plants, however, don't need any roots at all, while none can get on without leaves as mouths and stomachs. That is to say, no true plantlike plants, for some parasitic plants are practically, to all intents and purposes, animals. To put it briefly, every plant has one set of aerial mouths to suck in carbon, and many plants have another set of subterranean mouths as well, to suck up water and mineral constituents.

Have you ever grown mustard and cress in the window on a piece of flannel? If so, that's a capital practical example of the comparative unimportance of soil, except as a means of supplying moisture. You put your flannel in a soup-plate by the dining-room window; you keep it well wet, and you lay the seeds of the cress on top of it. The young plants, being supplied with water by their roots, and with carbon by the air around, have all the little they need below, and grow and thrive in these conditions wonderfully. But if you were to cover them up with an air-tight glass case, so as to exclude fresh air, they'd shrivel up at once for want of carbon, which is their solid food, as water is their liquid.

The way the plant really eats is little known to gardeners, but very interesting. All over the lower surface of the green leaf lie scattered dozens of tiny mouths or apertures, each of them guarded by two small pursed-up lips which have a ridiculously human appearance when seen

through a simple microscope. When the conditions of air and moisture are favourable, these lips open visible to admit gases; and then the tiny mouths suck in carbonic acid in abundance from the air around them. A series of pipes conveys the gaseous food thus supplied to the upper surface of the leaf, where the sunlight falls full upon it. Now, the cells of the leaf contain a peculiar green digestive material, which I regret to say has no simpler or more cheerful name than chlorophyll; and where the sunlight plays upon this mysterious chlorophyll, it severs the oxygen from the carbon in the carbonic acid, turns the free gas loose upon the atmosphere once more through the tiny mouths, and retains the severed carbon intact in its own tissues. That is the whole process of feeding in plants: they eat carbonic acid, digest it in their leaves, get rid of the oxygen with which it was formerly combined, and keep the carbon stored up for their own purposes.

Life as a whole depends entirely upon this property of chlorophyll; for every atom of organic matter in your body or mine was originally so manufactured by sunlight in the leaves of some plant from which, directly or indirectly, we derive it.

To be sure, in order to make up the various substances which compose their tissues--to build up their wood, their leaves, their fruits, their blossoms--plants require hydrogen, nitrogen, and even small quantities of oxygen as well; but these various materials are sufficiently supplied in the water which is taken up by the roots, and they really contribute very little indeed to the bulk of the tree, which consists for the most part of almost pure carbon. If you were to take a thoroughly dry piece of wood, and then drive off from it by heat these extraneous matters, you would find that the remainder, the pure charcoal, formed the bulk of the weight, the rest being for the most part very light and gaseous. Briefly put, plants are mostly carbon and water, and the carbon which forms their solid part is extracted direct from the air around them.

How does it come about then that a careless world in general, and more especially the happy-go-lucky race of gardeners and farmers in particular, who have to deal so much with plants in their practical aspect, always attach so great importance to root, soil, manure, minerals, and so little to the real gaseous food stuff of which their crops are, in fact, composed? Why does Hodge, who is so strong on grain and guano, know absolutely nothing about carbonic acid? That seems at first sight a difficult question to meet. But I think we can meet it with a simple analogy.

Oxygen is an absolute necessary of human life. Even food itself is hardly so important an element in our daily existence; for Succi, Dr. Tanner, the prophet Elijah, and other adventurous souls too numerous to mention, have abundantly shown us that a man can do without food altogether for forty days at a stretch, while he can't do without oxygen for a single minute. Cut off his supply of that life-supporting gas, choke him, or suffocate him, or place him in an atmosphere of pure carbonic acid, or hold his head in a bucket of water, and he dies at once. Yet, except in mines or submarine tunnels, nobody ever takes into account practically this most important factor in human and animal life. We toil for bread, but we ignore the supply of oxygen. And why? Simply because oxygen is universally diffused everywhere. It costs nothing. Only in the Black Hole of Calcutta or in a broken tunnel shaft do men ever begin to find themselves practically short of that life-sustaining gas, and then they know the want of it far sooner and far more sharply than they know the want of food on a shipwreck raft, or the want of water in the thirsty desert. Yet antiquity never even heard of oxygen. A prime necessary of life passed unnoticed for ages in human history, only because there was abundance of it to be had everywhere.

Now it isn't quite the same, I admit, with the carbonaceous food of plants. Carbonic acid isn't quite so universally distributed as oxygen, nor can every plant always get as much as it wants of it. I shall show by-and-by that a real struggle for food takes place between plants, exactly as it takes place between animals; and that certain plants, like Oliver Twist in the workhouse, never practically get enough to eat. Still, carbonic acid is present in very large quantities in the air in most situations, and is freely brought by the wind to all the open spaces which alone man uses for his crops and his gardening. The most important element in the food of plants is thus in effect almost everywhere available, especially from the point of view of the mere practical everyday human agriculturist. The wind that bloweth where it listeth brings fresh supplies of carbon on its wings with every breeze to the mouths and throats of the greedy and eager plants that long to absorb it.

It is quite otherwise, however, with the soil and its constituents. Land, we all know--or if we don't, it isn't the fault of Mr. George and Mr. A.R. Wallace--land is 'naturally limited in quantity.' Every plant therefore struggles for a foothold in the soil far more fiercely and far more tenaciously than it struggles for its share in the free air of heaven. Your plant is a land-grabber of Rob Roy proclivities; it

believes in a fair fight and no favour. A sufficient supply of food it almost takes for granted, if only it can once gain a sufficient ground-space. But other plants are competing with it, tooth and nail (if plants may be permitted by courtesy those metaphorical adjuncts), for their share of the soil, like crofters or socialists; every spare inch of earth is permeated and pervaded with matted fibres; and each is striving to withdraw from each the small modicum of moisture, mineral matter, and manure for which all alike are eagerly battling.

Now, what the plant wants from the soil is three things. First and foremost it wants support; like all the rest of us it must have its *_pou sto_*, its *_pied-à-terre_*, its *_locus standi_*. It can't hang aloft, like Mahomet's coffin, miraculously suspended on an aerial perch between earth and heaven. Secondly, it wants water, and this it can take in, as a rule, only or mainly by means of the rootlets, though there are some peculiar plants which grow (not parasitically) on the branches of trees, and absorb all the moisture they need by pores on their surface. And thirdly, it wants small quantities of nitrogenous matter--in the simpler language of everyday life called manure--as well as of mineral matter--in the simpler language of everyday life called ashes. It is mainly the first of these three, support, that the farmer thinks of when he calculates crops and acreage; for the second, he depends upon rainfall or irrigation; but the third, manure, he can supply artificially; and as manure makes a great deal of incidental difference to some of his crops, especially corn--which requires abundant phosphates--he is apt to over-estimate vastly its importance from a theoretical point of view.

Besides, look at it in another light. Over large areas together, the conditions of air, climate, and rainfall are practically identical. But soil differs greatly from place to place. Here it's black; there it's yellow; here it's rich loam; there it's boggy mould or sandy gravel. And some soils are better adapted to growing certain plants than others. Rich lowlands and oolites suit the cereals; red marl produces wonderful grazing grass; bare uplands are best for gorse and heather. Hence everything favours for the practical man the mistaken idea that plants and trees grow mainly out of the soil. His own eyes tell him so; he sees them growing, he sees the visible result undeniable before his face; while the real act of feeding off the carbon in the air is wholly unknown to him, being realizable only by the aid of the microscope, aided by the most delicate and difficult chemical analysis.

Nevertheless French chemists have amply proved by actual experiment that plants can grow and produce excellent results without any aid from

the soil at all. You have only to suspend the seeds freely in the air by a string, and supply the rootlets of the sprouting seedlings with a little water, containing in solution small quantities of manure-stuffs, and the plants will grow as well as on their native heath, or even better. Indeed, nature has tried the same experiment on a larger scale in many cases, as with the cliff-side plants that root themselves in the naked clefts of granite rocks; the tropical orchids that fasten lightly on the bark of huge forest trees; and the mosses that spread even over the bare face of hard brick walls, with scarcely a chink or cranny in which to fasten their minute rootlets. The insect-eating plants are also interesting examples in their way of the curious means which nature takes for keeping up the manure supply under trying circumstances. These uncanny things are all denizens of loose, peaty soil, where they can root themselves sufficiently for purposes of foothold and drink, but where the water rapidly washes away all animal matter. Under such conditions the cunning sundews and the ruthless pitcher-plants set deceptive honey traps for unsuspecting insects, which they catch and kill, absorbing and using up the protoplasmic contents of their bodies, by way of manure, to supply their quota of nitrogenous material.

It is the literal fact, then, that plants really eat and live off carbon, just as truly as sheep eat grass or lions eat antelopes; and that the green leaves are the mouths and stomachs with which they eat and digest it. From this it naturally results that the growth and spread of the leaves must largely depend upon the supply of carbon, as the growth and fatness of sheep depends upon the supply of pasturage. Under most circumstances, to be sure, there is carbon enough and to spare lying about loose for every one of them; but conditions do now and again occur where we can clearly see the importance of the carbon supply. Water, for example, contains practically much less carbonic acid than atmospheric air, especially when the water is stagnant, and therefore not supplied fresh to the plant from moment to moment. As a consequence, almost all water-plants have submerged leaves very narrow and waving, while floating plants, like the water-lilies, have them large and round, owing to the absence of competition from other kinds about, which enables them to spread freely in every direction from the central stalk. Moreover, these leaves, lolling on the water as they do, have their mouths on the upper instead of the under surface. But the most remarkable fact of all is that many water plants have two entirely different types of leaves, one submerged and hair-like, the other floating and broad or circular. Our own English water-crowfoot, for example, has the leaves that spring from its stem, below the surface, divided into endless long waving filaments, which look about in the

water for the stray particles of carbon; but the moment it reaches the top of its native pond the foliage expands at once into broad lily-like lobes, that recline on the water like oriental beauties, and absorb carbon from the air to their heart's content, The one type may be likened to gills, that similarly catch the dissolved oxygen diffused in water; the other type may be likened to lungs, that drink in the free and open air of heaven.

Equally important to the plant, however, with the supply of carbonic acid, is the supply of sunshine by whose aid to digest it. The carbon alone is no good to the tree if it can't get something which will separate it from the oxygen, locked in close embrace with it. That thing is sunshine. There is nothing, therefore, for which herbs, trees, and shrubs compete more eagerly than for their fair share of solar energy. In their anxiety for this they jostle one another down most mercilessly, in the native condition, grasses struggling up with their hollow stems above the prone low herbs, shrubs overtopping the grasses in turn, and trees once more killing out the overshadowed undershrubs. One must remember that wherever nature has free play, instead of being controlled by the hand of man, dense forest covers every acre of ground where the soil is deep enough; gorse, whins, and heather, or their equivalents grow wherever the forest fails; and herbs can only hold their own in the rare intervals where these domineering lords of the vegetable creation can find no foothold. Meadows or prairies occur nowhere in nature, except in places where the liability to destructive fires over wide areas together crushes out forest trees, or else where goats, bison, deer, and other large herbivores browse them ceaselessly down in the stage of seedlings. Competition for sunlight is thus even keener perhaps than competition for foodstuffs. Alike on trees, shrubs, and herbs, accordingly the arrangement of the leaves is always exactly calculated so as to allow the largest possible horizontal surface, and the greatest exposure of the blade to the open sunshine. In trees this arrangement can often be very well observed, all the leaves being placed at the extremities of the branches, and forming a great dome-shaped or umbrella-shaped mass, every part of which stands an even chance of catching its fair share of carbonic acid and solar energy.

The shapes of the leaves themselves are also largely due to the same cause, every leaf being so designed in form and outline as to interfere as little as possible with the other leaves on the same stem, as regards supply both of light and of carbonaceous foodstuffs. It is only in rare cases, like that of the water-lily, that perfectly round leaves occur, because the conditions are seldom equal all round, and the incidence of light and the supply of carbon are seldom unlimited. But

wherever leaves rise free and solitary into the air, without mutual interference, they are always circular, as may be well seen in the common nasturtium and the English pennywort. On the other hand, among dense hedgerows and thickets, where the silent, invisible struggle for life is fierce indeed, and where sunlight and carbonic acid are intercepted by a thousand competing mouths and arms, the prevailing types of leaf are extremely cut up and minutely subdivided into small lace-like fragments. The plant in such cases can't afford material to fill up the interstices between the veins and ribs which determine its underlying architectural structure. Often indeed species which grow under these hard conditions produce leaves which are, as it were, but skeleton representatives of their large and well filled-out compeers in the open meadows.

It is only by bearing vividly in mind this ceaseless and noiseless struggle between plants for their gaseous food and the sunshine which enables them to digest it that we can ever fully understand the varying forms and habits of the vegetable kingdom. To most people, no doubt, it sounds like pure metaphor to talk of an internecine struggle between rooted beings which cannot budge one inch from their places, nor fight with horns, hoofs, or teeth, nor devour one another bodily, nor tread one another down with ruthless footsteps. But that is only because we habitually forget that competition is just as really a struggle for life as open warfare. The men who try against one another for a clerkship in the City, or a post in a gang of builder's workmen, are just as surely taking away bread and butter out of their fellows' mouths for their own advantage, as if they fought for it openly with fists or six-shooters. The white man who encloses the hunting grounds of the Indian, and plants them with corn, is just as surely dooming that Indian to death as if he scalped or tomahawked him. And so too with the unconscious warfare of plants. The daisy or the plantain that spreads its rosette of leaves flat against the ground is just as truly monopolizing a definite space of land as the noble owner of a Highland deer forest. No blade of grass can spring beneath the shadow of those tightly pressed little mats of foliage; no fragment of carbon, no ray of sunshine can ever penetrate below that close fence of living greenstuff.

Plants, in fact, compete with one another all round for everything they stand in need of. They compete for their food--carbonic acid. They compete for their energy--their fair share of sunlight. They compete for water, and their foothold in the soil. They compete for the favours of the insects that fertilize their flowers. They compete for the good services of the birds or mammals that disseminate their seeds in proper

spots for germination. And how real this competition is we can see in a moment, if we think of the difficulties of human cultivation. There, weeds are always battling manfully with our crops or our flowers for mastery over the field or garden. We are obliged to root up with ceaseless toil these intrusive competitors, if we wish to enjoy the kindly fruits of the earth in due season. When we leave a garden to itself for a few short years, we realize at once what effect the competition of hardy natives has upon our carefully tended and unstable exotics. In a very brief time the dahlias and phloxes and lilies have all disappeared, and in their place the coarse-growing docks and nettles and thistles have raised their heads aloft to monopolize air and space and sunshine.

Exactly the same struggle is always taking place in the fields and woods and moors around us, and especially in the spots made over to pure nature. There, the greenwood tree raises its huge umbrella of foliage to the skies, and allows hardly a ray of sunlight to struggle through to the low woodland vegetation of orchid or wintergreen underneath. Where the soil is not deep enough for trees to root securely, bushes and heathers overgrow the ground, and compete with their bell-shaped blossoms for the coveted favour of bees and butterflies. And in open glades, where for some reason or other the forest fails, tall grasses and other aspiring herbs run up apace towards the free air of heaven. Elsewhere, creepers struggle up to the sun over the stems and branches of stronger bushes or trees, which they often choke and starve by monopolizing at last all the available carbon and sunlight. And so throughout; the struggle for life goes on just as ceaselessly and truly among these unconscious combatants as among the lions and tigers of the tropical jungle, or among the human serfs of the overstocked market.

An ounce of example, they say, is worth a pound of precept. So a single concrete case of a fierce vegetable campaign now actually in progress over all Northern Europe may help to make my meaning a trifle clearer. Till very lately the forests of the north were largely composed in places of the light and airy silver birches. But with the gradual amelioration of the climate of our continent, which has been going on for several centuries, the beech, a more southern type of tree, has begun to spread slowly though surely northward. Now, beeches are greedy trees, of very dense and compact foliage; nothing else can grow beneath their thick shade, where once they have gained a foothold; and the seedlings of the silver birch stand no chance at all in the struggle for life against the serried leaves of their formidable rivals. The beech literally eats them out of house and home; and the consequence is

that the thick and ruthless southern tree is at this very moment gradually superseding over vast tracts of country its more graceful and beautiful, but far less voracious competitor.

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MODERN TENDENCIES

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The Chinese theater, by Adolf Eduard Zucker
1925

During the last decades of the Ch'ing Dynasty, that is to say about forty years ago, many of the idle and rich members of the ruling class, the Manchus, developed an interest in the theater. The government provided these men with an income but imposed no duties on them; and while a large number filled the time that hung heavy on their hands by smoking opium, others imitated the work of the socially disinherited actor. Sometimes princes of the royal family appeared on the stage in much the same spirit of a search for new sensations in which others impersonated beggars on the streets. Naturally enough, such undignified behavior was highly disapproved of in government circles, and therefore the idlers who spent most of their time in the theaters found it more expedient to perform in private when their artistic natures felt the itch for self-expression. For this purpose clubs were formed called _p'iao yu_, friends of the theater or amateurs. It is interesting to note that many of the palaces of the princes of the Manchu Dynasty in the vicinity of Peking are provided with stages where the theater lovers could perform in private. Many wealthy merchants followed this fashion set by the princes, and in recent years also a large number of students have devoted their leisure time to the study of acting. To-day the number of amateurs in Peking is enormous; there is such a craze for acting that every photographer's shop is provided with costumes and other theatrical paraphernalia in order that the _p'iao yu_ may have his picture taken in the rôle of his favorite character.

Among this class of amateurs the tendency is to be very conservative. When a club is formed the members hire an old and experienced actor who teaches them to sing and to act in the traditional manner. Once a month performances are given at which the amateurs show what they have learned. Frequently, too, these tyros are given opportunities to act at weddings, funerals, or other festivities held in private homes or in restaurants. To belong to such a club is within the reach of even the ordinary clerks, for the dues are about four dollars a year. I have known former members

of the diplomatic corps who had spent many years abroad as well as ten-dollar-a-month clerks among the ranks of the amateurs.

When an amateur goes over to the professional stage the Chinese call it “_hsia hai_”, going down to the bottom of the sea, an expression that indicates the low esteem in which the professional actor is held. However, in these days of the Republic, when the social disqualification of the actor counts for very little, and what is more important, a good actor can command the equivalent of a princely income of the days of the Empire, the actor is no longer despised so thoroughly as in former days. Formerly an actor who could read and write was a notable exception, while now occasionally a fairly well-educated man goes on the stage.

I know, for example, a youth of twenty who had been carefully trained by a devout American lady in the Christian way in which he was to go. She had taught him stenography and typing, and Percy, as all Americans called him, worked in an office in a modest but useful capacity. Suddenly rumor had it that he was going to go on the stage and, to be sure, an enterprising manager had offered him about forty times the sum the office was paying him. Many of the pious folk felt grieved when Percy accepted.

[Illustration: AMATEUR ACTORS IN AN OLD-STYLE CHINESE PLAY

The face painting of the actor on the right shows him to be a wicked man, probably a robber. The other is the hero of the piece, a young warrior.]

Percy's going on the stage was perhaps more of a surprise to some other people than to me, for I had not only seen him perform several times with other amateurs at weddings, but I had also observed him during office hours studying Mei Lan-fang's acting in the Market Theater. One hot summer night I went to a feast where Percy had told me that he was going to play. In the first courtyard of the host's large residence a score of guests were eating delicious Chinese food and drinking cool beer, while a temporary stage had been erected in the second courtyard. Accompanied by loud music from the orchestra an indifferent play was going on; therefore I set out to find my hero of the evening. I found Percy seated at a table back of the stage busy with his make-up. On his head he was wearing a wig, his eyebrows were penciled, his cheeks rouged, and he was busy painting his eyeballs.

“Good heavens, Percy,” I said. “What are you doing to your eyes?”

“I have to put Chinese ink into them to make my pupils large and black.”

“Doesn’t it hurt like the very Satan?”

“Oh, yes, it hurts pretty badly, but when it’s done it looks lovely.”

How I wished that Percy’s missionary sponsors might have seen the show! As imitator of Mei Lan-fang he played the rôle of the maid, and he certainly looked beautiful. The maid in this particular farce (“Yi Tsai Hua”, one of the plays forbidden by the police!) is sent by her mistress—who is minded to improve her husband’s absence—to induce a handsome young man to come to the lady’s boudoir. But the maid prefers, unlike John Alden, to speak for herself! So she sets about destroying the young man’s virtue, while the efforts of the youth to escape her coquettish wiles supply the comic element. It was a bedroom farce, and I noticed with pride the effects of Percy’s Christian training—he used sheets on his bed!

But in recent years other groups of amateurs have arisen with the definite purpose of reforming the Chinese theater. In 1915 a group of returned students from Japan who had derived their inspiration from modern European dramas they had seen in Tokyo founded a dramatic club in Shanghai called “The Spring Willow Dramatic Society.” Their aim was to educate the taste of the public both as regards modern drama and modern staging. They introduced non-musical, spoken drama acted on a stage with footlights and scenery. “La Dame aux Camélias” and “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” formed part of their repertoire. But they found only a small following composed of students and people who had been abroad, and therefore this effort was discontinued after one year. Shanghai is the logical spot for such modern theaters—there have been quite a number of others since—because Occidental influence is stronger in this city than anywhere else in China, and the Southerners on the whole are less conservative than the Northerners.

One of the idealists of the “Spring Willow Society”, on finding that the audiences were not yet ready for drama in the European style, began to act in the Chinese theater the rôle of the ingénue (_Ch’ing-l_ and _Hua-tan_). However, he made the reform of avoiding all plays that taught superstitions and of turning to social plays with a purpose. But this experiment did not succeed very well either, and therefore in 1920 he accepted the position of director of the dramatic club in Nantun, in the province of Kiangsi, endowed by Mr. Chang Chien, one of the wealthiest business men in China. This gentleman believes that the theater is an instrument of great potential force in making over society and that through the proper kind of theater his fellow countrymen can be made honest and patriotic. Nantun is an industrial city and an educational

center with ten middle schools and three colleges, and therefore a favorable location for an experimental theater. Moreover, through Mr. Chang Chien's influence, a course in dramatics has been made a part of the curriculum in all the schools, in order that every student may learn to act. The students, Mr. Chang Chien hopes, will spread the message of the modern drama far and wide by giving performances in their native towns and villages.

Such a tour of student actors, from quite another educational center, to be sure, was described to me by one of my students, Mr. Jung Tu-shan. The lad undoubtedly had considerable talent as an actor—I remember particularly a performance of "Maître Patelin" given at the Peking Union Medical College in which he played the leading part with great success. In the year 1917, thirty-six students, all from the vicinity of Wusih, set out to perform plays in all the villages in the district. They carried with them some painted scenery and each student supplied his costumes and traveling expenses. The families of different students acted as hosts to the whole company in the various villages visited. Performances were given in the afternoon. In the course of the morning the stage was gotten ready—usually the stage at the village temple. Four coppers admission fee was charged to pay for the cost of transporting the scenery, and the surplus was given to various charitable enterprises. The audiences numbered from two hundred to eight hundred spectators. The plays were propaganda against opium smoking and foot binding or—as this was the time of the patriotic fervor of the students—anti-Japanese agitation. The most popular play was "The Sorrowful Korean", in which the maltreatment of Koreans by the Japanese was graphically portrayed, together with the warning that the same thing would happen to the Chinese if they did not show more patriotism. After the representation of the pulling out of finger nails or other tortures, the cry of "boycott the Japanese" would arise among the spectators, and those who had had the forethought to provide themselves with Japanese-made umbrellas would start a bonfire with them. Next, everybody would swear never again to buy Japanese goods. At times, too, improvised plays would be given in which the foibles or crimes of certain natives of the village would be castigated. Some professional blackmailers whose machinations were publicly exposed became very angry at the students, but since they were sons of wealthy and influential men they could not harm them. It is quite a favorable testimonial for the native ability of the Chinese as actors that such plays could be gotten up at a moment's notice; the method of the students was for one of the members to tell the story in the morning, while in the afternoon those who had been awarded the various parts would act it out. Mr. Jung Tu-shan is of the opinion that for his illiterate countrymen such performances are of vast educational value, especially

since newspapers are few and travel is rather restricted.

It would lead too far afield to enumerate even a small number of the professional companies and student clubs now presenting “modern drama”, i.e. drama in imitation of the present-day drama of the West. Moreover most of these undertakings are very short-lived. The professional companies are generally found in Shanghai where many a modern European or American drama has been presented for better or for worse. The best work among the student dramatic clubs has been done by the one at Nankai College, Tientsin. In the *Quarterly* of that institution many plays have been published dealing with Chinese life in imitation of the manner of Ibsen, Tolstoy, Shaw, and other moderns. One play from this school, “The New Mayor”, was singled out for particular praise by a revolutionary critic, because it overthrew one of the ancient traditions of the Chinese drama—the villain is not punished at the end of the play. This play too is quite realistic and “peculiarly” Chinese.

Mr. Tsao, the mayor of a village, together with three other unscrupulous men, agrees to sell to a European company the land around the village temple on which are situated the huts of many poor people. The agents of the foreign company begin to drive off the poor people and cause untold suffering among them. At this point a nephew of the mayor appears on the scene. He has been studying in a “modern” school in Shanghai and has acquired some conceptions of honesty and pity. He takes the matter of the illegal sale to court and when he appears followed by a mob of the poor the court annuls the contract of sale. There is even some talk of punishing the four guilty scoundrels. In this crisis the son of the mayor rushes to one of the three other villains, named Hou, in order to plan for his father’s safety. Mr. Hou tells him that the only thing to do is to bring him \$4000 for bribes, with which he says he can save the situation. The family of the mayor sell all their property in order to raise this large sum, so that only the hope of future extortions stands between them and absolute poverty. After what has passed the mayor is forced to resign, but Mr. Hou promises to do all he can to influence the election to the effect that the son succeed his father as mayor and the office remain in the family. With this understanding the mayor’s family pay out the \$4000. But when the votes are counted it is found that the new mayor is none other than Mr. Hou!

It may be worth while briefly to summarize the views of two critics on how to reform the Chinese theater. Professor Soong Tsung-faung of the National University, Peking, for many years a student in France, Germany and Switzerland, in his book “*La Littérature Chinoise Contemporaine*” makes suggestions as follows: 1. Music and drama should be separated,

performances of operas and plays should be made as distinct genres; 2. An approach should be made to the Aristotelian unities; 3. The false morality of the stage should be replaced by a realistic presentation of life; 4. More attention should be paid to effective dialogue; 5. Male and female rôles should be played by actors of the two sexes respectively; 6. The stage and auditorium of the Chinese theater should be reformed to resemble that of the modern European theater.

“Europeanize the theater” is, in short, what Professor Soong suggests. Much the same thing, from a somewhat different angle, is said by Doctor Hu Shih, professor of philosophy in the same university. He argues that literature is constantly changing and that such a change is a gradual progress from low origins to classical perfection. The history of Chinese drama represents a continuous struggle against formal restrictions which have been gradually overcome. But in the course of this advance useless survivals remained intact owing to the conservatism of the Chinese. As such survivals he mentions ballad singing, military plays (acrobatics), a conventional manner of walking on the stage, facial painting in a highly unnatural manner, use of falsetto speech, and musical accompaniment. These ought to be eliminated, just as the chorus, the mask, and the aside have long gone out of style in the Western theater. Furthermore, since progress in literature generally comes about through contact with foreign literatures (he quotes here the influence of Ibsen on the English stage), China ought to learn from the Occidental drama. Two things especially China is in need of: first, the conception of tragedy to take the place of the eternal happy ending; and second, a conception of dramatic economy.

This same critic has himself written a play, which he modestly calls a farce. It has been acted very successfully by student dramatic societies in Peking and other cities. Doctor Hu Shih does not pride himself particularly on this effort of his, yet, in my opinion, it is by far the best “modern” play written by a Chinese under the influence of the Western drama, including some published in American magazines. I shall reprint it here as an index, showing the direction the Chinese drama of the future may take. The influence of Mei Lan-fang, as Professor Soong notes in his book, is in the direction of art for art’s sake, while the drama of the students and reformers is the play with a purpose.

[Illustration: HU SHIH

Doctor of Philosophy, Columbia University. Professor of Philosophy, National University, Peking. Author of first critical history of Chinese philosophy, giving a new evaluation of the ancient sages. Editor, poet, and author of play reprinted in chapter five. His most important work

was his campaign for the introduction of the vernacular in place of the dead language of the scholars, a reform that will be of inestimable consequence in democratizing knowledge among China's four hundred million.]

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BARONESS BERTHA VON SÜTTNER.

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Camera location 37° 51' 25.2" N, 8° 47' 38.4" W Kartographer map based on OpenStreetMap.

Description

English: Waves breaking with ships waiting to enter the porto of Sines, Porto Covo, Portugal.

Date 17 February 2020, 17:46:22

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